

The TATLER

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London, July 9, 1930

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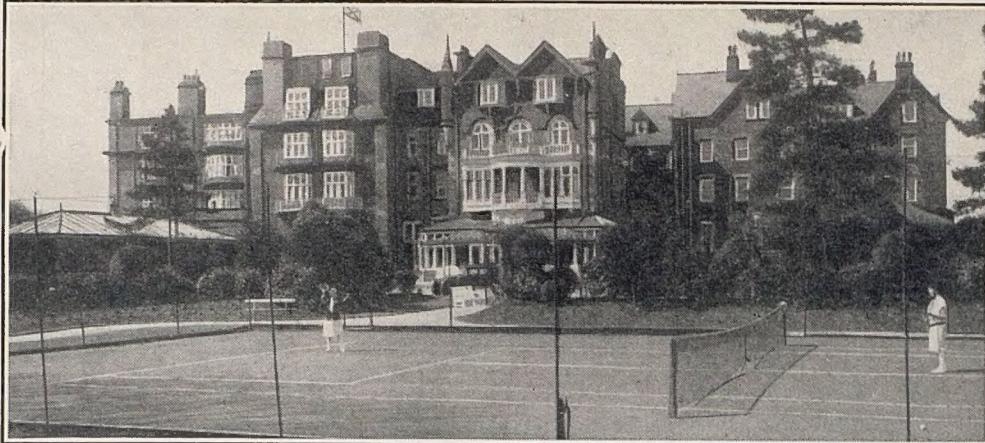
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LAST WEEK'S WEDDING MARCH AT ST. MARGARET'S

MISS MAUREEN GUINNESS BECOMES THE COUNTESS OF AVA

The whole smart world of London, not forgetting a large contingent from Ireland, seemed to have congregated in Westminster last Thursday to witness the wedding of the Marquess and Marchioness of Dufferin's only son to the second daughter of the Hon. Ernest and Mrs. Guinness. The bride was an entrancing figure in white and gold, and her halo head-dress could not have been improved upon. Her eleven bridesmaids were Lady Honor and Lady Brigid Guinness, Miss Grania Guinness, Miss Olivia Fitzroy, Lady Veronica Blackwood, Miss Valerie French, Miss Hope-Vere, Miss Teresa Jungman, Miss Betty Williams, and Miss Leonora and Miss Elizabeth Brooke. After the reception in Grosvenor Place, bridesmaids and ushers, as well as many other well-wishers, hurried to Croydon to watch the young couple fly away on their honeymoon

The Letters of Eve



AT LADY MELCHETT'S GARDEN PARTY LAST WEEK

Arthur Owen

A group at the garden party Lady Melchett gave last week in connection with the League of Mercy Ball (July 7). The names, left to right, are: Lord Marshall, Lady Furness, Lady Haddington, Lord Richard Nevill, Lady Melchett, Lady Tree, —

WELL, my dear, how goes it in your warm corner? I'm loving this sunshine and these glorious summer nights, so rare in fact, though theory and literature lead us to expect so much of them, have certainly been a godsend to dance-givers with gardens. For shaded walks and moon-lit water are far more conducive to the romantic spirit at any age than overcrowded ball-rooms. However, Mr. Edward Robson, whose dance at his nice place in Avenue Road is always one of the Season's good events, did not bank entirely on fine weather and an illuminated garden for the success of his party the other night. There was dancing in two big rooms to Ambrose's Band, which was amplified into the smaller one, a most comfortable buffet bar, and a huge supper marquee approached from the three French windows of the ballroom. The host is a widower, so his niece, Mrs. Campbell Harris, was hostess for him, and among the many guests appreciating his hospitality were Lord and Lady Queensberry—she looking quite entrancing in a striped chiffon frock; Sir Hugo and Lady Hirst and their daughter, Mrs. Gamage; Captain "Babe" Barnato (none the worse for the ducking he had had a few hours earlier when racing his motor-boat on the Welsh Harp), and Mrs. Claude Leigh, whose dazzling hair and complexion are so enviable.

* * *

Another good party in which the garden was made full use of was Lord and Lady Bearsted's. This was down at Upton, their new place in Warwickshire, which has taken about eighteen months to decorate. The beautiful garden was glowing with lights all round the lake, and as the

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.



SIR STEWART AND LADY STEWART-CLARK

Who were amongst the starters in all the events at the Open Lawn Tennis tournament at North Berwick. Lady Stewart-Clark, who was married in 1927, is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Arundell Clarke



ALSO AT LADY MELCHETT'S PARTY

Lady Grayson, the wife of Sir Henry Mullenix Grayson, Bt., and Mrs. Frank D'Arcy, who were also helping Lady Melchett with the arrangements for the League of Mercy Ball which was held at Grosvenor House

occasion was the coming of age of their eldest son, Marcus Richard, his initials formed a great feature of the illuminatory scheme. All Warwickshire seemed to be there and a good many others besides. The prettiest woman in the room was undoubtedly Mrs. Hubert Loder, whose tall and willowy figure was in unrelieved white. Mrs. Jackie de Pret, who came with her husband, was also much admired, and so were those two attractive sisters, Mrs. Geoffrey Pease and Mrs. Kellett. The former is a revelation in its most complimentary sense. After her terrible hunting accident with the Warwickshire hounds last season all her friends were dismayed at the idea that she might be disfigured. The black patch over one eye is the only evidence of her fall, and this seems to enhance her good looks. Others to be seen were the Norman Loders; the Garland Emmets and her sister, Miss Sylvia Portman; the Jack Fanes and Mrs. Fane's sister, Miss Daphne Wallace; and Mrs. Pat Anderson and her husband, who are off to America in the autumn.

* * *

Rarely have we had such an *embarras de richesses* in the way of Saturday entertainment in London as the day when we had tennis at Wimbledon, flying at Hendon, racing at Sandown, the Test Match at Lord's, and the Champion Cup Final at Hurlingham. I spent hours meditating what was the utmost I could fit in, and decided upon the two latter. So Lord's saw me all the morning, with feelings of contentment at England's 425,

little knowing what the Australians had in store for us. What charmingly modest and simple men these Australians are when one meets them off the cricket field. I had the privilege of talking to several of them, including the redoubtable Grimmett, at the lunch given by the International Sportsmen's Club for which Lord Londonderry and the Dowager Lady Darnley were host and hostess. The urn containing the mythical and sacred Ashes was an honoured guest, and Chapman, the hero of last week, was there too. Lord Londonderry, in a waggish little speech, told us his children claimed to have taught England's captain how to play cricket, and are exceedingly proud of it and him.

* * * * *

It was curious to reflect, while journeying from St. John's Wood to Hurlingham, that at each end of London Australia

was holding the interest of vast crowds. And what a wonderful fight those four Ashton brothers put up before being beaten by such a narrow margin. The King of Spain, more democratic than ever, strolled in five minutes before the first chukker, and smilingly refusing the Royal dais provided for him, took his seat on one of the benches on the pavilion side. With him were his Equerry, the Duque de Miranda, the Duque and Duquesa de Peñaranda, and other distinguished Spaniards, and after presenting the Champion Cup to Mr. Laddie Sanford, captain of the victorious Hurricanes, H.M. asked to have the Goulburn team and Mrs. Ashton, very pink and smiling, presented to him. All the polo world was there of course, including Lord Louis Mountbatten (who was telling the King that Lady Louis is now much better), Lord Wodehouse, who refereed the match, the Glenapps, the Cowdrays, and all the rest.



Compton Collier
AT LEAMINGTON: THE HON. MRS. LOUIS FRENCH AND HER CHILDREN

The Grove, Tachbrook, Mallory, Leamington, is the Hon. Louis French's charming country house. He is Lord de Freyne's second brother. The children are Peter, Sheila, and the baby



AT PETERBOROUGH HOUND SHOW:
LORD LONDESBOURGH AND LADY WARRENDER

This function has been called by some the Peterborough Dog Show. This is not correct! There were a good lot of dog-hounds there this year. Lady Warrender lives in the Belvoir country and is well known in Leicestershire generally

days and nights, and shortly before the King came to England a big dinner followed by a ball was given for Their Majesties and other members of the Royal Family by Sir George Grahame at the British Embassy. It must have been a lovely party, and my writer's ready pen vividly describes the Queen as a glamorous figure in shimmering silver.

* * * *

Highland pipers had come specially

from Malta to play the guests in to dinner, and later these engaging kilted persons did a sword dance in the lantern-lit Embassy gardens. Their manœuvres were watched with interest, for though the sound of the bagpipes has its counterpart provided (more or less) by the *gaitos* of Galicia and Asturias, Highlanders in their national dress and dances are unknown to most Spaniards. Amongst those invited to meet the King and Queen were many whose names have a familiar sound to English ears, such as the Duque and Duquesa de Alba, the Marques and Marquesa de la Romana, the Duquesa de Miranda, and the Marquesa de Salamanca. Dancing went on till after four o'clock, and that the guests did not say good-bye till daylight was the best eulogy which could be bestowed on the British Ambassador's brilliant gathering and his own tireless energies as host.

* * * *

Jumping from Spain to the Clyde Fortnight may seem rather inconsequent to you at first glance, but my line of thought followed King Alfonso, who went north after Hurlingham for a day or two to witness this entertaining assemblage of large and small racing craft. He was staying with Sir Thomas Lipton on board *Erin*, which is always easy to pick out by reason of her curiously-shaped yellow funnel. I hear that sailing conditions on the first day were excellent, and Loch Goil provided a lovely setting. The sombre mountainous background showed up the sunlit sails of the stately big yachts and innumerable members of the small Gairloch class, whilst their many mechanically-propelled relations, rather like fat seagulls in appearance, looked anxiously on. *Shamrock V*'s owner, good sportsman that he

(Continued on p. 50)
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MISS HEATHER THATCHER AND MR. REGGIE BEATON

At Mr. Charles Reczenik's bathing pool, which he has just added to the other attractions of his week-end cottage at Pinckney's Green, Maidenhead. Miss Heather Thatcher is the present leading light in "A Warm Corner" at Prince's, and is here trying a cool corner for a change

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

is, had given up the time allowance he was entitled to and raced level with Mr. A. A. Paton's *Lulworth*, and a very exciting contest resulted in a win for the latter by 2 min. 10 sec.

* * *

The Mudhook Yacht Club was in charge on the opening day, and Sir Charles MacIver, Admiral of the Club, was Flag-Officer on board his S.Y. *Minono*. *Caryl*, winner of the Seewanika Cup last year in America, won her race in the 8-metre class, beautifully sailed as usual by her owner, Mr. Frank Robertson. An appreciated local victory in the Gareloch rating was Mr. Nelson Mitchell's with *Hermes*, painted bright red to make recognition a simple matter. *Maya* was first, and *Merope* second in the ranks of the diminutive Pleiades which almost reach vanishing point when seen alongside *Cambria* and her sisters. One participant in the regatta caused plenty of excitement by allowing his yacht to settle comfortably on a rock off Rosneath Point and for some time she had every appearance of wishing to remain there for the rest of the fortnight.

* * *

I dined a few nights ago at one of the big hotels which can still boast of a regularly full house in spite of everyone's incipient bankruptcy and the more or less general cries of distress of many of its rivals. There I found, among many others, Lady Haddington, easier to look at than ever, in pink organdie, and her husband, who is so like his brother, Mr. Charles Baillie-Hamilton, that it is very easy to mistake them. Lady Winter was there, too, with her husband, Sir Ormonde, who includes a genius for cooking among his many accomplishments. But the most interesting party there was the one given by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brocklebank, for some of those adventurous young spirits who sailed in the *Quest* last Friday, after entertaining the Prince of Wales on board the night before. They are going to explore and chart Greenland as an aerial station between here and America, and are taking their planes with them. They will be there for fourteen months, with no kind of communication except wireless. The party is being led by young Mr. Watkins, who, though this is his third expedition, is only twenty-three, and still has a term to do at Cambridge. Mrs. Brocklebank's brother, Mr. Quentin Riley, is another member of the expedition.

* * *

Two of the latest matrimonial plans have not only a Court flavour but a family link as well, for when Miss Joy Verney marries Mr. Hamilton-Russell she will become a relation of Lady Katharine Hamilton, whose engagement



MR. AND THE HON. MRS. THOMAS THISTLETHWAYTE

Taken just after their wedding at the Savoy Chapel last week. The bride was the Hon. Eileen Berry, eldest daughter of the late Lord Buckland and Lady Buckland, and a niece of Lord Camrose and Sir Gomer Berry, who lent Chandos House for the reception. Mr. Thistlethwayte is the son of the late Captain Thistlethwayte, R.A., of Southwick Park, Hants



A GROUP OF CELEBRITIES AT WIMBLEDON

Mrs. Lycett and her brother, Mr. "Bunny" Austin, on the left, and on the right Miss Konstan, who is Mr. Austin's partner in the Mixed at Beckenham, and Miss Ursula Jeans, who is a keen tennis "fan" when off the stage

to Colonel Seymour was made public the same day. Sir Harry Verney, the Queen's private secretary, is one of those hardy persons who rises with the earliest worm to go riding in the Park. Miss Verney seldom misses a morning, and Colonel Seymour is also an institution there. By the time this reaches you a third engagement of import will have been announced, namely, that of Mr. Colin Hugh Smith to Miss Betty Hotham. Lord Hotham's second sister possesses typically English good looks and a passion for fox-hunting, the hot pursuit of the Holderness hounds being her main winter occupation. Her future husband, who is a nephew of Mr. Vivian Hugh Smith, used to be in the Navy. He hunts too whenever his work in the City permits, and he is also something of a connoisseur of old pictures, furniture, and china.

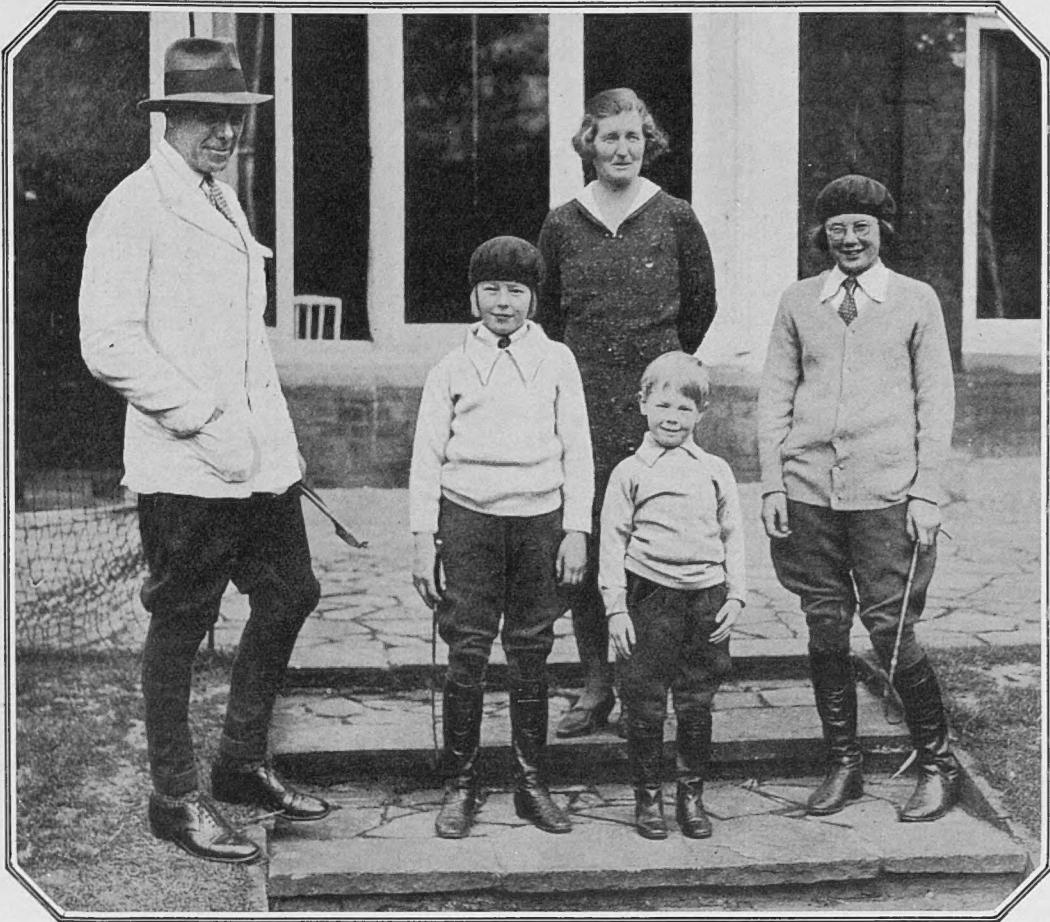
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Reverting to the subject of riding in the Row it is quite interesting to review the change which this practice has undergone in post-War years. At one time a modicum of horse exercise was supposedly essential to those with pretensions to being participants in "the Season." Nowadays the manœuvre has become a sort of joke when judged by the performance of the misguided persons who, riding at the traditionally fashionable hours, have frequently been misled in choice of costume, mount, and seat. The whole secret is that in these days of toil many have to take the air much earlier than formerly, thus escaping the knowledgeable eye of the lie-abed critic. Between eight and nine a.m. plenty of people can be seen who have evidently ridden before. The Horse Show season accounted for the appearance of Lady Hunloke and Mrs. Munnings each morning—both conclusive evidence for the side saddle system. Princess George Imaretinsky is another good exponent of this school, though personally I think it is a pity she does not wear a hat. Lord Dunmore never fails to appear when in London, and Sir Frederick Ponsonby combines with Colonel Erskine in showing that the Royal Household can make an early start. Mr. George Belcher must not be forgotten, although he is mostly too busy practising *haute école* to look for comic relief among fellow riders. There is just room to tell you a story, the truth of which I can vouch for. It concerns an Australian who comes over every three or four years and whose invariable custom on first reaching London is to drive straight to Buckingham Palace. On arrival at the Palace gates he removes his hat and bows, and then, having made his gesture of loyalty, goes happily on his way. Isn't that rather charming?—Love, EVE.

IN TOWN and OUT



WELCOME BACK: MISS SOPHIE TUCKER



WING-COMMANDER LOUIS GREIG AND MRS. GREIG AND THEIR CHILDREN

AT ALDERSHOT: BRIG.-GENERAL J. C. BROWNE
AND MAJOR-GENERAL EDWARD EVANSTHE MARCHIONESS OF CAMBRIDGE
AND LADY MARY CAMBRIDGEANOTHER ALDERSHOT PICTURE: LORD AND
LADY EBRINGTON AT RUSHMOOR

Miss Sophie Tucker, whom we are all glad to see back, was induced to stand on the topmost pinnacle of the Savoy Hotel when the photographer caught her. She has come back to us to go into a new musical show, the name of which at present is a sealed nomination. Wing-Commander Louis Greig, who was comptroller to H.R.H. the Duke of York, was "shot" with his wife and family, Jean, Henry, and Bridget, at their house at Surbiton. Horse exercise on Wimbledon Common every morning is the standing order of the day. The Marchioness of Cambridge, who is a daughter of the Hon. Osmond Hastings, and her little girl were at Mrs. Clarence Gasque's Infant Welfare party at The Elms, Hampstead. The Aldershot show, where the other two snapshots were taken, was a bigger and better success than ever. Brig.-General Browne is Assistant Director Supplies and Transport, Aldershot Command, and Major-General Edward Evans is Director of Movements and Quartering at the War Office. Lord Ebrington is Lord Fortescue's son and heir

*Arthur Owen**Arthur Owen*



MR. CYRIL MAUDE BEING MADE UP AS "GRUMPY"
BY MR. WALLACE WESTMORE

As soon as ever England gets the chance it is sure to rush to re-make the acquaintance of that wily old bird "Grumpy," even though it will be only through the medium of a talkie, for it was one of Mr. Cyril Maude's best successes

INOW divide the world into people who live in Buckinghamshire and the inconsiderables who do not. On my nightly peregrinations to the capital I pass a wretched field in a neighbourhood which, though semi-rural, contrives to be wholly unsightly. Upon this field stands a notice-board, and on the notice-board is written: "Site for a Cinema Holding 3,000 People." Vaguely, if one thought about it at all, one would have said that the entire population of this hole did not exceed 3,000. One has probably even wondered what means can possibly have been used to induce so many as 3,000 people to dump themselves down there. To my mind the only explanation of the notice-board is that the film-trade is optimistic beyond any possible connotation of that word, or that it knows more about population than I do. The important point at the moment is a point which we are always forgetting; we are always judging the cinema trade by Shaftesbury Avenue standards when the vast majority of the public for which the cinema trade must cater lives in and about such weary villages as lie between the nobilities of Beaconsfield and London. The trade has to cater for what is thought and hoped and felt in the hearts, minds, and imaginations of people living in Uxbridge, Hayes, Southall, Hanwell, and Acton. In order to discover something of the temper of such audiences I spent the other evening at the Commodore in Hammersmith, that suburb which was disposed of once and for all by a witty remark in one of last year's smart comedies. A young woman driving a motor-car had collided with a perambulating fiddler, which prompted her husband to remark that he supposed she had been gazing at the windows of the hat-shops. "My dear," she answered, "it was Hammersmith!"

It was a sweltering hot night, and the Commodore was crammed, I won't say from floor to ceiling because I did not go upstairs, but certainly from the first to the last of its sixty rows of stalls. There were, of course, some hundreds of young couples who were so totally absorbed in each other that they would not have noticed if the pictures had been shown upside down. But there was still a residue of people in normal control of their senses, and I shall say at once that the entertainment provided for these was singularly good. It began with a comedy about two partners in a plumbing-business, one Scotch and one Irish. This was set in that American milieu which so intrigues us over here, the milieu in which fathers dine in their shirt-sleeves, and their daughters are called for by young men in dinner-jackets owning expensive automobiles. Any comedy of this sort becomes entertaining providing it goes on long enough; you have to laugh because there is nothing else to do. This comedy, which was I think called *The Clancys on Wall Street*, went on long enough. Then a band came into being, and even the recumbent among the audience began to sit up and take notice. There is a piece which is always played at pier-heads and on the bandstands of seaside promenades. I can never tell whether it is "Poet and Peasant," "Pique-Dame," "Morning, Noon, and Night," "Light Cavalry," or "Mireille." Similarly, there are three young ladies who are in the habit of perpetrating

The Cinema

By JAMES AGATE
At the Commodore

the heroines of our lighter comedies. I shall not give their names, but the reader will recognize them when I say that three-quarters through the piece Mr. Franklyn Dyall or some other villain of maximum turpitude ties them up with string. It has often occurred to me to implore some manager to present these three young ladies in one and the same piece, so that, having seen them together, I shall be able to tell them apart. On the same lines I hereby implore Sir Thomas Beecham, Signor Toscanini, Mr. Jack Hylton, or other world-famous conductors to give a concert consisting exclusively of these overtures. One of them, though I know not which, was the piece performed at the Commodore, and it was foully murdered by being taken at least three times too fast. This overture having been buried with immoderate haste, the band then proceeded to discourse some very pleasant jazz. After this two ladies appeared and, if I heard correctly, sang a ditty with this refrain:

When shadows fall and the day is over,
When the sun sinks in the west,
And at last I can get sober,
That's the time I love the best.

This cinema is enormous, and my seat was so many rows of stalls away that perhaps I did not hear correctly. This song was, however, merely the prelude to some really capital dancing by a bevy of ladies who were presently joined by two remarkable young men made apparently of india-rubber. The whole turn could quite well have gone into any first-class music-hall show. There followed a Topical Gazette which was again excellent. It showed us something of the Test Match; and then some inspired genius gave us a glimpse of the Australian team of 1905. There they all were: Darling (the captain), M. A. Noble, Warwick Armstrong, Clem Hill, and Victor Trumper; such a combination as Australia will not I think send us again. There was a shot showing us the pavilion at lunch-time with the ladies wearing hats which looked like botanical gardens *in petto*. This film was much too short, and it is noteworthy that in the cinema everything of really entrancing interest is invariably curtailed. Instead, the management preferred to give us two *trailers*, or so I think they are called, showing the delights in store for next week's patrons. One was devoted to college life in America, and showed how the Yankee curriculum is composed entirely of necking and a form of slaughter miscalled football. The next picture threatened was something called *Tanned Legs*. In this film it was held out that the women would be as wild as the waves. And so the advertisement proceeded through sickening balderdash to nauseating bunkum. I wonder that advertisers have not realized that the result of continual shouting is that people cease to listen. At least that is the way it affects me, for I vow that if *Tanned Legs* were the only film left in the world I would not go to see it.

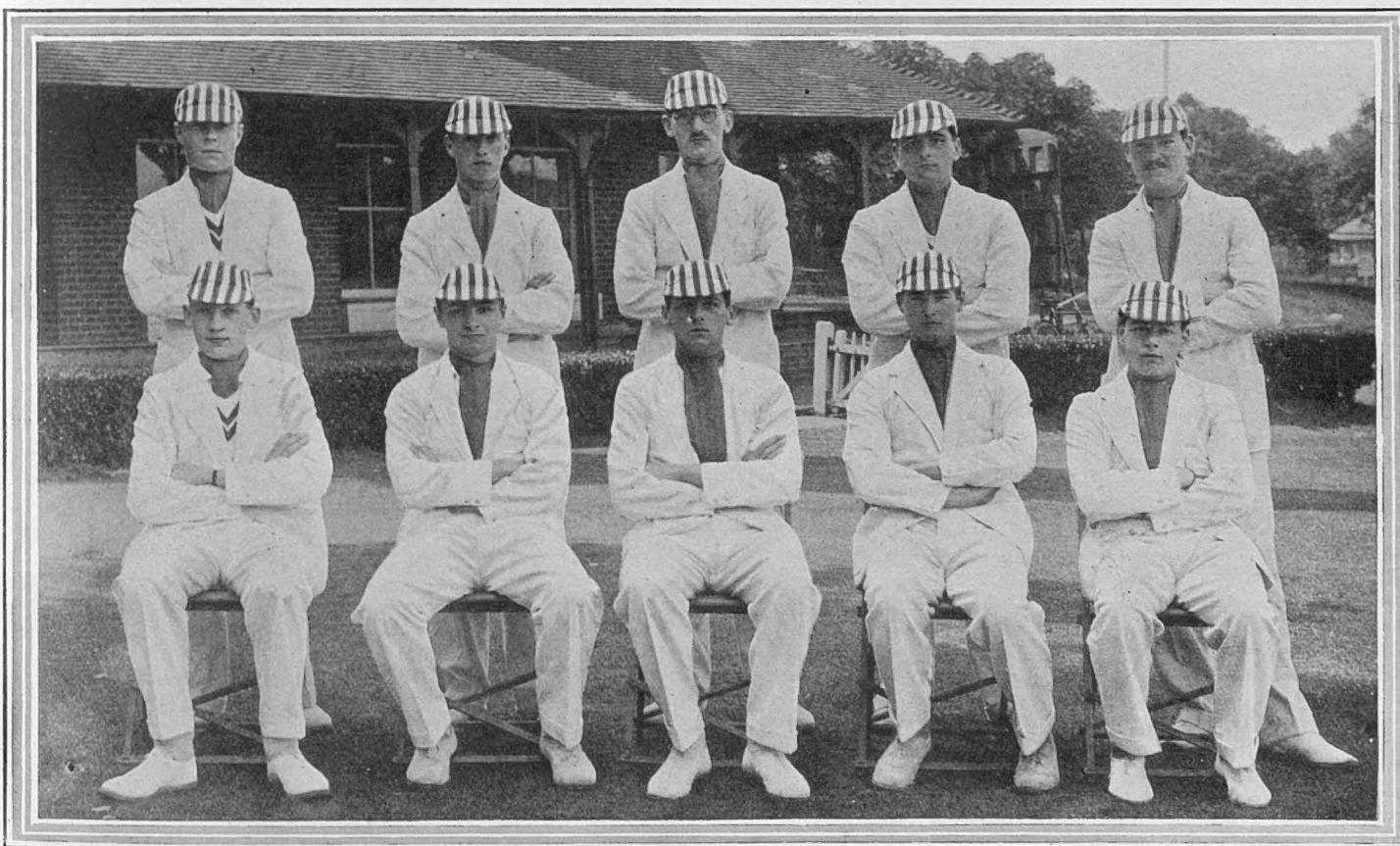
The evening's *pièce de résistance* was a really good British film made at Elstree called *The Hate Ship*. This is a talkie, and once again I would call attention to the fact that whether a talkie is good or bad largely depends upon who writes the words which have to be talked. The makers of this film had the quite extraordinary notion of getting the talk put together by a man who is a master of light entertaining dialogue—to wit, Mr. Monckton Hoffe. Surely this is one of the quaintest notions which has ever entertained a film-producer's head! I take leave to state that the absence of imbecility from the dialogue, and indeed some flashes of considerable wit, did not perceptibly ruin the film or affect our enjoyment of it. The story itself was thoroughly good, so good that one almost wondered why it had not been used for a stage-thriller. The great moment in the film was when a charming young lady, singing a Hungarian love-song and accompanying herself on the grand piano in the ship's saloon, struck a chord which was destined by means of electrical wires and other devices to fire a bullet into the back of whoever was sitting in a particular chair in the card-room. The film was capitally acted, and I cannot imagine that anybody would want to leave before it was over. Nobody did.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xxii



THE ETON XI AND THE TWELFTH MAN

The names are: Back row—N. E. W. Baker, J. N. Hogg, T. F. Hanbury, F. H. L. Aubrey-Fletcher, R. Page, M. S. Gosling, D. E. W. Sheepshanks; sitting—A. M. Baerlein, J. C. Atkinson-Clark, K. F. H. Hale (Captain), A. W. Allen, and A. G. Pelham. I. H. L. Aubrey-Fletcher is the twelfth man



THE HARROW XI—ONE SHY

The names are: Back row—A. R. Tawell, F. E. Covington, J. M. Stow, E. J. de Las Casas, H. A. G. Torrens; seated—R. D. Stewart-Brown, W. M. Welch, A. S. Lawrence (Captain), J. M. Rattigan, and D. E. Yarrow. J. E. Ohlson is the man missing

The match at Lord's on July 11 and 12 will be even more interesting than usual because both Eton and Harrow have beaten their trial horse, Winchester. Eton beat them by seven wickets and Harrow beat them with four wickets in hand. There is not a lot in it either way on this form, but Eton probably will start a bit the better favourites. It was on August 2, 1805, that the first recorded cricket match between Eton and Harrow took place on Lord's first ground in Dorset Square. The actual turf was eventually removed and laid down at Lord's. Eton won that match by an innings and two runs. Byron was in the Harrow XI, and made 7 (not 11) and 2, and it was this match gave rise to Byron's little effort about "Harrow Boys and Eton Men."

The Eton verse and Byron's reply are too long to quote

Photographs by R. S. Crisp

RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"

FOR a wonder Newbury had it fine both days and plenty of well-backed horses turned up. Paul Caret seemed as though the race was run to be a very lucky winner of the cup, as in another couple of strides he would have been third to Paradine and Sidonia. At the same time it appeared as though, had even more use been made of him, he would have won more easily, as he seems to stay all day, but goes a long way in a long while, and though full of running at the distance he could pull out no turn of foot. Unlikely won the Kennet Stakes with some ease as was predicted by a market which went in one moment from 5 to 1 to "Go and chase yourself," as poor Jimmy Hare used to say in a slightly more emphatic way.

AT NEWMARKET SALES: LORD CARNARVON AND MISS MONICA SHERIFFE

Fine weather and a hay-harvest breeze make the Behind the Ditch meetings some of the pleasantest in the year. Lord Carnarvon is a well-known owner and also rides—winning his first brackets last N.H. season. Miss Monica Sheriffe is well known in the Shires

One keeps being told that the Totes are still experimenting, and that Rome wasn't built in a day, but it should take no experiments and only one second to find out that the figures on the machine at Newbury are practically invisible without the use of race-glasses, so that anyone wishing to make a bet in the members' must walk nearly to the far end of the paddock to see what sort of odds he is getting. The fault has been remedied on the July course. Let us, however, give the installation its due at Sandown, for even if it takes little or no money its influence has been partly responsible for the second line of rails in Tattersall's which makes that enclosure an easier and safer place to get about in. In the old days the disclosure of a Fred Darling good thing caused such a Gadarene rush down the steep slope that the unsophisticated racegoer, caught in the cataract, put one foot in Harry Clare's beer, the other on a *passé comise* pear of Lewin's, and found himself somewhere near the open ditch bustle side up. At the same time let us be preserved from the alleged comforts and amenities which are claimed for French racing as a result of the machine. Take last Sunday's Grand Prix, which started something like *an hour and a quarter* after the advertised time, largely due to a race being unable to start till the betting is completed. During this time the candidates are led round and round through the crowd, there being no nailed-in ring for them, and why more people aren't killed is a mystery. Those who really want to bet meanwhile sneak furtively away like malefactors, and make their illegal wagers with the silk-hatted brigade by the weighing-room. The start is in front of a stand full of Gallic hyper-excitability, which is raised almost to frenzy by upwards of twenty minutes of false starts, which anyway ensures that this blue ribbon only goes to

a non-temperamental animal. The race itself is a grand race, but the comforts for seeing it for the man in the street are non-existent.

Hordes of people carrying kitchen-chairs rush through from the paddock, and placing them wherever they fancy, stand on them. The infernal grey dust raised off the grey shale is however so thick that the chairless man sees just as little, though he chokes a lot more.

The French undoubtedly have some very high-class horses, and more particularly redoubtable stayers, but whether it is the climate, the intensive method of training, or the frequency with which they run, they do not seem to have the appearance and bloom of the English horses. This is partly due to the more "shelly" build of the horses, and partly due to lack of trimming. Perhaps Sam Darling, whose horses are always so immaculate, will impart to them on his death-bed the secret of removing the superfluous hair, in the same way as the dying Sepoy, whose last moments were so embittered by the hirsute appearance of his mem sahib that he gave away the secret which has apparently conferred a boon on thousands—*vide* any Sunday paper. Many is the dig that they have given us with Epinard, Sir Galahad, and the like, and the best two-year-old of the moment, Goyescas, is French-owned, though trained over here by Basil Jarvis. The easy victory of Four Course at Newmarket, which he beat at Ascot, puts him at the top of the tree. Even though Ajax says in "*The Evening Standard*" that Four Course's forelegs are not the best behind the saddle. This is of course a most unbalancing trait on a downhill track.

Lord Glanely has at last got the real turn of fortune for which he and so many trainers have waited so long. Nothing ever seems to come unstuck, and a fortnight like the last can make one forget many lean years. There is a very possible future as well, for Grandmaster figures in the Stewards' Cup entries at Goodwood, and this, one of the trickiest races of the year, he might easily win, as on the way he has won all his races we have no notion how good he is. To You is however my first fancy on this sharp six furlongs. Burgee is another that the handicapper will have to put a lump on to get level with.

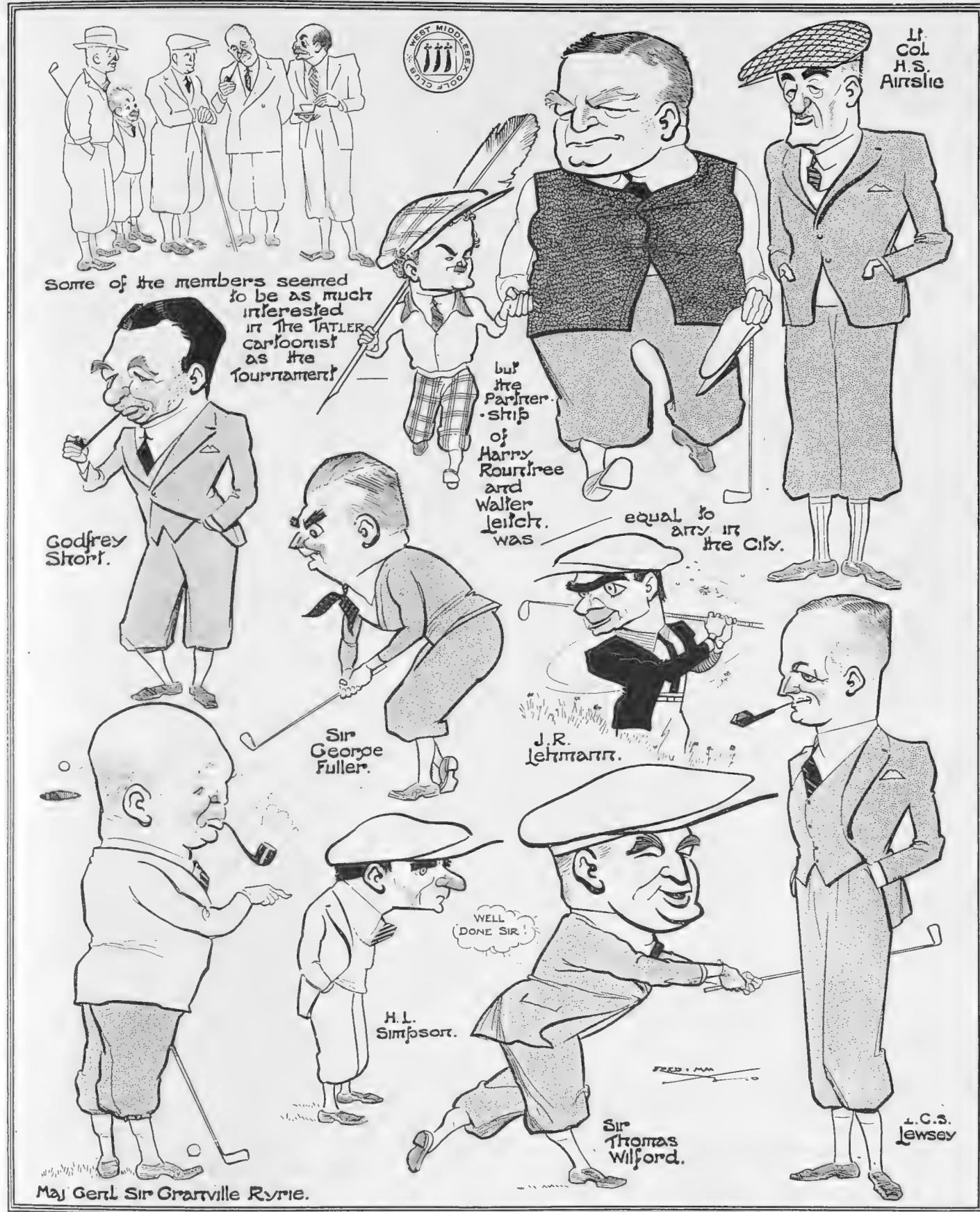
The Bury meeting will be in full swing by the time this appears, and on a fine day there are few pleasanter ways of spending the day than racing here. The amateur is naturally well catered for, and there are probably more and better amateurs riding at the moment than there have been for some years. Even if the racing isn't very high class it's great fun, and generally not too difficult.



ANOTHER NEWMARKET SALES GROUP

Captain Poole, the well-known Lewes trainer, Mr. John Johnstone, and Lord and Lady Allerton at the Newmarket July Sales, which were well patronized, and had King's weather

GOLFING COLONIAL INVADERS



HIGH COMMISSIONERS AND AGENTS-GENERAL VERSUS THE WEST MIDDLESEX GOLF CLUB—BY FRED MAY

The Club beat the Commissioners by 6 games to 2 after a most enjoyable day. Mr. L. C. Lewsey is Captain of the Club, Mr. Godfrey Short ex-Captain. Major-General Sir Granville Ryrie, K.C.M.G., C.B., is High Commissioner for Australia. Sir Thomas Wilford, K.C.M.G., K.C., is High Commissioner for New Zealand. The Hon. Sir George W. Fuller, K.C.M.G., is Agent-General for New South Wales, and Mr. Walter Leitch, C.B.E., is Agent-General for Victoria. It was a real big-gun field day, and was the absolute first of its kind, but in all human probability will not be the last, for it was a huge success, and bonhomie and "let's do it again" were the keynotes at a very cheery luncheon held to commemorate the occasion



MR. P. G. WODEHOUSE

Another of the people whom Hollywood has purloined. Mr. Wodehouse is here said to be in the throes of scenario authorship but seems to be taking it very philosophical'y

him. One day I happened to meet him on one of my own solitary rambles and we entered into conversation. Six times, he told me, he has been round the world. Ever since he was a boy his two great passions have been travelling and reading. He has visited and knows almost every inhabited country. His memories are prodigious. He confessed that his life had been marvellously happy. Could he live it over again he would change scarcely anything. To travel and to read, these had been his absorbing interests, and he had sacrificed all other joys for them, knowing instinctively that none other could fill their places or endure so long. Now he is an old man. He has a tiny cottage looking over his beloved sea. His rooms are full of books and all the latest publications are sent down to him from London. He lives alone, but his solitude is never lonely. Peace is his. Beauty is his. As an old man he can live satisfied because his life has always been an expression of himself. That is the secret of his happiness and his peace. He has lived his life fully. He is not tormented by the Great Undone. He is not rich, but nevertheless he is one of fortune's favourites. And why? you may ask. Well, simply because he realized in which way he could express himself in his life, and he followed relentlessly the way of that self-expression. It kept him healthy, it kept him "alive," and it has kept him young. And sometimes I wonder if quite a number of the less philosophic people do not wreck their lives, even die before their proper time, simply because of their suppression of themselves. The fortunate are not those who have health and wealth and the kind of ostentatious leisure which are supposed to go with the gods' favourites; they are those who, knowing the kind of existence in which they can express themselves splendidly, have the strength of purpose to pursue that knowledge at all costs and to let the rest of the world "go hang." Apart from the deadly dull by nature, we all feel that we have within us some message, not merely to give to the world, but to proclaim in our own life. A vital something which we must express or, peradventure, die, as a prisoner who has never been able to break down his prison bars to escape. Let the virtuous busybodies say what they will, most people must find an outlet for their mental or spiritual or merely physical energies, lest peradventure they die physically from causes which in reality had their origin in the mind. To give and to go on giving something which is really us, that is the only way by which to avoid premature exhaustion and death. Suppression, monotony, uninspiring duties, these are the things which lead us towards ill-health and disease. The disintegration is subtle, but it is sure. The happy and healthy must be always adventuring. I don't mean the adventures of mountain-climbing, or fighting, or going into physical danger, but the adventure which keeps our enthusiasm for sheer living alive and gloriously vital.

* * *

Some Books of Adventure.

This week I have been reading some books of such adventuring in which, with the exception of the woman who wrote of her dreadful experiences as a member of the women's corps

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

Suppressed Self-expression.

Almost on the very edge of a cliff which abuts on one of Cornwall's loveliest coves lives a retired seacaptain. He lives alone with his two dogs, only an elderly woman visiting him three times a week to "do" for

in the Russian Red Army in the book "Woman Under Fire" (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.), the writers express the sheer joy they found in their lives, not in spite of, but because of the risks they ran, the horrible moments of agonising suspense they went through. You see, their hardships belonged to the existence which they had deliberately chosen, a necessary part of them. They were living the life they loved. To risk nothing is to obtain nothing, happiness least of all. However, let me mention the books in the order in which I read them. Apart from the aforementioned thrilling and dreadful account which the Russian authoress gives of her ghastly experiences in the Red Army, they are "Pearl Diver" (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), by Victor Berge and Henry Wysham Lanier, and, though in an amusing sense only, "Adventures in Living Dangerously," by Louis Golding (Morley and Kennerley. 2s. 6d.).

Seek and Never Find.

The best kind of adventures, like the best kind of happiness, is never found when deliberately sought. Which is why I will write of Mr. Golding's entertaining little book first of all. Mr. Golding wanted to live dangerously. He wanted to live like the hero of an Edgar Wallace "thriller." He wanted, metaphorically speaking, to stand with his back to the wall and yet miraculously to mow down his advancing enemies with a pea-shooter! The result was of course as per fate's usual formula. Which means to say that he asked for fire-water, and destiny gave him a cup of weak Ovaltine. And then of course when he believed that the cup of his life at the moment really did contain nothing but weak Ovaltine, he found there was very nearly a fatal dose of prussic acid at the bottom! This happened in Berlin, where he was peacefully drinking lager almost to the accompaniment of hymn tunes. It nearly, in fact, ended up in the middle of a disaster. Nevertheless this was the only occurrence which might possibly have made his hair stand on end. In the East, in Chicago, in Paris, and in New Orleans he deliberately pushed himself into situations which always in fiction are fraught with terrific danger. Nothing happened! Only a few charming acquaintances were met, a somewhat depressing business acumen encountered. This "dream" and this "reality" is related in a most amusing manner. The little book is quite short, but yet long enough for the point of the author's joke to be grasped easily. And it only goes to prove that Nietzsche was writing "through his hat," as often he did before, when he told his readers to "live dangerously." He ought to have told them to live first and last to express themselves. That is the shortest and brightest cut to dangerous living. It offers adventures which we can cope with, because we know

(Continued on p. 58)



H.E. JONKHEER VAN SWINDEREN

Who has just killed his first salmon fishing the Maigue River in Co. Limerick. His Excellency is staying at Adare Manor. Jonkheer Van Swinderen has been the Netherlands Ambassador to London since 1913, and before that was Minister of Foreign Affairs at the Hague

IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

By George Belcher



We've got some very good tinned meats, Mrs. Higgs, but this ox tongue licks the lot

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

what we are fighting for, and the knowledge makes us joyful. The best adventures of all simply come about by following the dictates of the heart and mind. Zest and enthusiasm come of themselves. We cannot manufacture them to order. As a little literary trifle, "Adventures in Living Dangerously" is a gay and well-written experiment. A series of entertaining variations on a single theme. An amusement for half-an-hour for half-a-crown.

* * *

Dreadful Experiences.

On the other hand, "Women Under Fire" is the vivid narrative of a series of ghastly experiences. The authoress, now settled in England, tells us how she was commandeered by the Reds to organize and command a battalion of women in the ranks of the Bolshevik Army during the early days of the Revolution. As an aristocrat she was hated, suspected, and deliberately humiliated. It is almost impossible for English people to realize the state of Russian society as it was in those days. Organized debauchery, vice, violence, murder, accompanied by starvation, filth, and despair—the picture is almost unimaginable. Ignorance, bestiality, and hooliganism in supreme authority. A triumph of the humanly loathsome. The first part of the book is the literal translation of the writer's own diary, written in secret during her six months of agony. It gives an appalling account of the suffering, the persecution, and the cruelty which decent Russians had to go through at the hands of those who first attempted to save the country by destroying it physically and morally. The last part of the book deals with the "fruits" of this Revolution. For the most part a paltry crop. The triumph of the uneducated over the educated. She writes: "The utter unsuitability of the men and women appointed to any particular job accentuates the inevitable vices of the system. A youngster of nine-

teen may be found lording it over all and sundry in a coal institution, a branch of some State trust. In Moscow you may find that the District Welfare Supervisor is a girl in her teens, with a salary proportionate to the importance of her task but hopelessly disproportionate to her own capacity to fulfil it." Religion and morality reviled—the Russian Revolution has but repeated the tragic story of all such revolutions, namely death, disease, ruin, simply to replace a "tyranny" by another tyranny even more tyrannical. Almost everything lost and very little gained. A temporary triumph of an ignorant and callous hooliganism. This book on a woman's experiences in the Red Army gives one furiously to think. It bears upon it the stamp of truth—the stamp of a tragic and horrible truthfulness.

* * *

Diving for a Living.

So on the whole Victor Berge and Henry Wysham Lanier's book, "Pearl Diver" (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), is the jolliest book of the three. In it one of the authors gives us the story of his own life—a human narrative always worth listening to, and I don't care if it be a life-story told by a bootlegger or an old maid! How, as a boy in Sweden, he was left an orphan and penniless, and how after many hardships he discovered in a roundabout way that ideal adventuring which alone makes of life a period of thrilling interest, such is the book. Always a lover of the sea, he became during one of his many voyages a pearl-diver; eventually, and while still only twenty, the owner of a lugger in which, with two real pals met previously, he went pearl fishing. The story of some of his adventures undersea

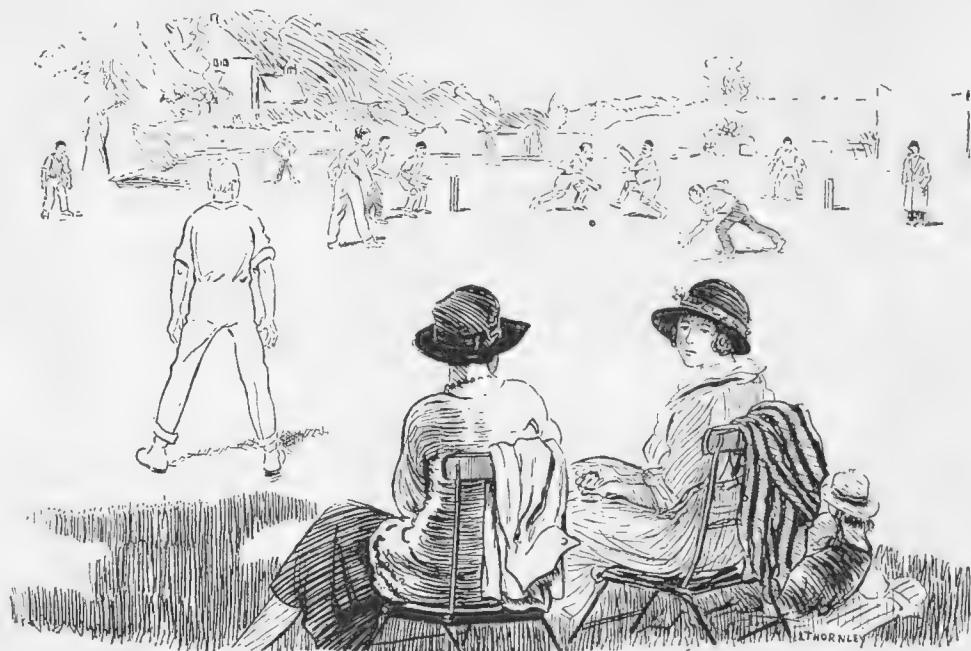
thrilled me far more than a whole library of detective fiction. The wonder and the unimaginable beauty of undersea scenery is vividly described. But with this mystery and beauty went moments of danger when, alone and practically defenceless, he had to fight giant octopi, sharks, and other sea monsters. Yet apart from these exciting adventures this story of the writer's life is most interesting. It is told in a naïve manner which is as breezy as it is attractive to read. One becomes quite fond of these three young adventurers, the writer and his two pals, and one follows the vicissitudes of their life together as one who is really interested in their welfare. That is the charm of the book quite apart from its exciting interludes.

* * *

A Wonderful Gardening Book.

There is a catch in every pleasure; even in love and hobbies. Before you have become tired of looking at your wife in terms of romance you are considering her as a financial obligation albeit semi-pleasurably borne. Long before your home has become a minor show-place for your friends it has so taken possession of your life and pocket that both are spent mostly "by kind permission" of your goods and chattels and all that goeth therewith. Even a garden, which as a visitor you sit and admire in peace, contains no amount of repose for its distracted but infatuated owner. From my own experience I know how even a "patch" can take up the whole of your spare time.

A metaphorical forty winks and your garden is full of weeds. Another forty winks and the slugs have got all your finest shoots. A third, and the only flowers you have in the house are the flowers you buy at a shop. I don't say that hobbies are not "happy" things. They are. But like all happiness you have to pay for them and go on paying. Other people's hobbies



"How very embarrassing for poor Henry! That's his tailor he keeps meeting"

are the only restful kind. I am not quite sure but that one room and a knapsack are the only things which, so to speak, give you the freedom of the City of Life. Houses and gardens anyway always seem to be saying to themselves, "Ah! He wants to enjoy us in peace, does he? Well, I'll cast a tile off the roof and you can develop every blight and disease of which you are capable. That'll keep him poor and busy." In fact to those who imagine a country cottage with a garden so colourful and lovely as to seem quite too picture post-cardy to be true, I would present "The Complete Book of Gardening" (Ward, Lock. 15s.), by J. Coutts, A. Edwards, and A. Osborn—one a Deputy and the others Assistant Curators of Kew. A beautiful and mighty volume of 768 pages which is both an inspiration and a warning. An inspiration to everybody to grow flowers, vegetables, and fruit; a warning of the magnitude of the labour, time, patience, disappointment, and hope which go even to the horticultural cultivation of a garden scarcely bigger than a pocket-handkerchief. It is a wonderfully comprehensive book, beautifully illustrated, and worth even more than the money asked for it. And yet it tells you only the essential outline of anything. Comprehensive though it be the authors yet have had to condense their subject. But they tell you everything which any ordinary gardener in any ordinary garden can possibly want to know and much which only applies to gardens and gardeners of the show-place standard.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xvi of this issue

WIMBLEDON

AND

NEWMARKET



PEERS AND LAUGHTER: THE BISHOP OF LONDON AND LORD ROCHDALE



LADY OXFORD ON HER WAY TO THE CENTRE COURT



MAJOR AND LADY ALEXANDRA METCALFE AT WIMBLEDON



CAPTAIN BOYD - ROCHFORT AND THE HON. MRS. G. LAMBTON AT RACING H.Q.



LADY VICTOR PAGET AND LORD ADARE



TWO MORE AT NEWMARKET: MAJOR AND MRS. GREVILLE WILLIAMS

Every year the Wimbledon habit seems to become more pronounced, and during the past ten days or so a massed attack of ever-increasing intensity has been made on the All-England Tennis Club. The Bishop of London, who witnessed several of the fiercest battles, is pretty good at the game himself, and often features in a strenuous single on the Fulham Palace courts. He and Lord Rochdale were evidently in better spirits than Lady Oxford, who looked both serious and chic in a nice silk suiting and the abbreviated veil to which she is so partial. Attractive Lady Alexandra Metcalfe and her husband were, as usual, being constantly hailed by friends on this particular day. Newmarket's First July Meeting and its attendant Bloodstock Sales were well served with visitors, four of whom are lined up at the bottom of this page. This term does not, of course, apply to Mrs. George Lambton or Captain Boyd-Rochfort, who are features of the select band training at racing headquarters. Captain Boyd-Rochfort was buying at the sales and acquired Lady Scarborough's First Flight on the opening day. Lady Victor Paget is Lord Colebrook's daughter, and Lord Adare is the elder son of that fine old Irish sportsman, Lord Dunraven.



AT ONE OF OUR RAPIDLY-INCREASING NUMBER OF PRIVATE AERODROMES

R.A.F. Display.

"**T**HIS would be ideal," said someone at the Royal Air Force Display, "if it weren't for all these noisy aeroplanes." Certainly the Display becomes more and more of a social and non-aeronautical function. Fashion was at least as much in evidence as flying. One noted, for example, that eyebrows are being worn higher this year and that the Norman eyebrow is gradually being replaced by the Gothic. But one could distinguish no unanimity about the correct colour for faces. There were faces of all colours from policeman's red to the palest and most delicate gin tint. As for the programme of flying, it was up to standard though there was no originality about it. Eleven times the Royal Air Force have organized and carried out an elaborate air spectacle without the slightest mishap, and with every item taking place at the precise second stated. The best event was the demonstration of the autogiro, Handley-Page Gugnunc, and Hill Pterodactyl. Flight-Lieutenant Rogenhagen surprised everyone by his handling of the autogiro. It took off in almost as short a distance as it landed, and it appeared to have a good turn of speed when at full throttle. Flying-Officer Leach also gave an astonishingly good exhibition of the Gugnunc. He made it sit up and beg until slots slotted, flaps flapped, and interceptors intercepted all over it. Flight-Lieutenant Maitland had rather less scope with the Pterodactyl, but he did all that could be done. It was a mistake to put this event before the main programme. In the main programme the appearance of a squadron of Supermarine-Napier flying-boats at 2 ft. over the aerodrome was one of the best items, though the squadron aerobatics by No. 43 Squadron, led by Squadron-Leader C. N. Lowe, were enthusiastically applauded. Among the "new and experimental types" there were many that were by no means experimental or new. Indeed the only real novelty was the De Havilland-Napier interceptor fighter with the new 16-cylinder air-cooled engine designed by Major Halford. This machine represents a completely original approach to the interceptor-fighter design. Instead of piling on power and

obtaining its performance by brute force the machine obtains it by reduction of head-resistance and weight. The smaller, lighter engine gives the enormous advantages of improved control and improved view. It should also be cheaper to produce. I predict a great future for this aeroplane and for the types that will be developed from it.

The announcing by means of loud-speaker was done by Squadron-Leader Saundby and it was done much better than it usually is on such occasions. Usually the announcer talks too much and is either not listened to or else distracts attention from the spectacle. Squadron-Leader Saundby only talked when necessary and the result was that his remarks were attended to and he was able to make his points. All announcers at air pageants should learn a lesson from the way this part of the work was done at Hendon.

Other notable features of the display were the crazy flying of Flying-Officer G. E. Campbell and Pilot-Officer Whittle in Avros, the Set Piece, and the R 101. The R 101 appeared over the aerodrome to time, and for ten minutes it stayed there, to the admiration of all. It did not roll or loop or do an inverted falling leaf; it merely bulged over the aerodrome.

Flying Instruction.

A correspondent writes asking which is "the best place to learn to fly near London." It is a question which it is impossible to answer in an unqualified manner. There are many good schools near London—at Stag Lane, Heston, and Hanworth, for example

—and at most of them the instruction is carefully and conscientiously carried out. My correspondent protests that he is prepared to go anywhere within thirty miles of London, and that all that concerns him is the quality of the instruction. I have written advising him to go to the Brooklands School of Flying. My reasons are that this school is unsubsidized, that it has no instructor who has not spent a very large part of his life flying, that the machines are well maintained, and that the prices are reasonable.



THE CINQUE PORTS' FLYING CUP

Evernden

A group at Lympne on the day of the fifth Ashwell Cooke Challenge Cup. The names in the picture, left to right, are: Mr. Nightingale, F/O. F. Fox-Barrett (the judge), Mr. H. E. Thwaites (hon. treasurer), Captain L. A. R. Braddell, Major C. L. Parker (winner), F/O. K. K. Brown (instructor), Mr. R. Dallas Brett (hon. secretary), and two London members

Society in the Spot-light



E. O. HOPPE

HOME FROM INDIA: MISS GERRY ROSS

Miss Gerry Ross, the clever daughter of Lieut.-Colonel H. Ross, I.M.S., has returned from that troubous place, India, quite recently. In spite of all this agitation to put salt on the tail of the British Raj, the Simla A.D.C.—the leading Dramatic Club in India—has been as busy as usual, and Miss Ross has been acting in some of its productions at that pill-box of a place, the Gaiety Theatre, and she is now intending to go on the stage in London professionally. Lady Orr-Lewis is the second wife of Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis, Bart., and they returned from a visit to the States not long ago. Lady Orr-Lewis was formerly Miss Doris Lee. Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore will sell flowers at the Toc H Ball on July 14 at the Hyde Park Hotel, which H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester has promised to attend. Her mother is vice-chairman of the ball. Her father, Dr. Gordon-Moore, is Physician-in-Ordinary to H.R.H. Princess Beatrice. The Marchioness of Salisbury is the president of the Toc H Ball



MISS PEGGY GORDON-MOORE

Bertram Park

THE PASSING SHOWS

"The Way to Treat a Woman," at the Duke of York's Theatre



GET IN—OR GET OUT

Awkward predicament of the mysterious lady in blue (Miss Marion Lorne) vis-à-vis the two obdurate custodians of the Argus Night Club (Mr. Ronald Shine and Mr. George Dillon). Both these gentlemen have an eagle eye for the gate-crasher. After several false starts through the swing door Miss Lorne gets in with an empty purse followed by four detectives on the trail of the Cabinet Minister who has disappeared on the eve of a Disarmament Conference

WHEN we read in our "Daily Mirage" that Lady Couleur de Rose, clad in shagreen pyjamas and accompanied only by Baldwin, her favourite basset-hound, has eloped in an aeroplane with the Count Cavaliero Rusticarba, what do we do? Stifle a yawn, I take it, and turn languidly to Chip, Sneak, and Mildred (with a passing glance at the £5,000 Camera Competition for Bathing Belles over Forty) before giving ourselves up to the perfume of "The Aromatic Moment," by Esmeralda Pitch. But if the eloping bride is no titled denizen of the cocktail world, but simply Miss Cissie Bloggs of 471, Mount Pleasant Avenue, Barnet, a twenty-one-year-old telephonist drawing two pounds ten a week from the Gas Light and Coke Company—well, that's different.

On left: Miss Bloggs' herself, suffering from pince-nez and freckles, a snapshot taken last August on Clacton pier. Inset, her baby sister, Goo-Goo, as she appeared as one of the robins in the Barnet Barnstormer's successful pantomime, *The Babes in the Wood*. Next day, "How I Met My Wife," by Count Rusticarba, Jugo-Slavia's foremost racing motorist. "I was passing through Barnet on my Zenana-Louisa when a girl—I can see her now—stepped off a tramcar immediately in front of me. I guessed somehow, as I applied my brakes, that her eyes were blue. As I knocked her down I could not help noticing that she was carrying a copy of 'The Daily Mirage.' 'It is fate,' I said to myself, 'our meeting like this...'"

"MAKE LOVE TO HER"

Is the correct slogan for sleuths, according to the detective from France (Mr. Boris Ranovsky), whenever the problem on hand is a clear case of "cherchez la femme"



headline. Pressed for details he replied wearily, "Oh, you know what I mean—Typist Weds Baboon." But that is going too far. It is all very well to be flippant, but there is such a thing left as Romance. And in that fragrant field of publicity and heart-throbs one touch of Cinderella makes the whole world kin.

Mr. Walter Hackett keeps on stirring up the cinders and pulling his chestnuts out of the fire (by which I merely mean that his last play is just like his first and all the ones that came between) with gratifying consistency. In each case the Cinderella is the same, which is not only husbandly but wise, for when an industrious playwright has a wife like Miss Marion Lorne, with one absolutely certain trick in her hand, yet a trick which no one else has thought of playing, or if they had could ever play so well, it would be absurd not to keep on leading out trumps.

And so we go to the Duke of York's, confident that *The Way to Treat a Woman* will be one more Hackett adventure in the realm of high life, with the same nervous, hesitating, deprecatory, muddle-headed, humble little sit-by-the-fire drifting through a tangled maze of crooks, night-clubs, taxicabs, cock-tails, and crime, like a lost soul in the Elysian fields. It is all very well to accuse Mr. Hackett of repetition—but what go we out for to see? Miss Marion Lorne in a new part? As the Duchess of Somewhere hunting in Leicestershire for instance? Or a "perfect lady" match-making in a South Kensington drawing-room?

Certainly not. The joy of Miss Lorne's stage self is that she is only "a lady" by temperament or for the duration of the evening, that gentle rôle being thrust upon her by force of circumstances over which our Miss Nobody from Nowhere pretends to have no control. Whereas, as events prove; as



THE GERMAN DETECTIVE

Maintains that the correct way of spotting the lady is power of persuasion—in other words, brute force



THE GUILTY PARTIES

The missing Minister's unfaithful wife (Miss Cathleen Nesbitt) and her lover, Richard Carstairs (Mr. Leonard Upton).

we know they will, even if we cannot follow their manifold ramifications, all the crooks in Europe are but puppets to be fooled at every twist and turn of her trembling fingers.

Miss Lorne is unique among Cinderellas because she is the perfect spinster *sans peur et sans reproche* when she drifts across our ken. It is like meeting the nursery governess in the hall and suddenly realizing that some fairy wand has changed the nonentity into a princess who completes the illusion by seeming to walk, as if mesmerized by modesty, in a dream. It's a shame to think that when all the crooks are handcuffed and all the corpses given Christian burial, the wanderer with the simplicity of a child and the guile of three serpents must slip back to her telephone or her typewriter.

Yet when Miss Linda Leigh, secretary to young Richard Carstairs of the Foreign Office, had polished off the affair of the Cabinet Minister who was missing on the eve of the Disarmament Conference and despatched in a taxi-cab by an unknown assailant to the Charing Cross Hospital with a bullet in his body, when we heard Miss Leigh being addressed as "Linda" by Sir Travers Ryecroft of Scotland Yard, well, it didn't seem right that this admirable mixture of the courtier and the sleuth should be even hinting at matrimony with anyone of lesser degree than an earl's daughter.

On the other hand, probability was not the order of the evening. Otherwise all manner of exciting things could not have happened. Item, Miss Lorne doing the roundabout of the swing door of an "exclusive" night-club and finding herself still in the street at the completion of each revolution. An old wheeze, but always a good one if properly manœuvred. Item, Miss Lorne, having tacked herself on to a party of "lovelies," and so gained admittance, drifting about in the cocktail bar amid a sea of scandalous small talk, ordering a drink for which she had not the necessary three shillings, forcing the famous German detective, who was on her trail, to pay for it, and giving him the slip before he could lead her away to elucidate her share in the mystery.

Mr. Hackett's opening gambit, it should be explained, was a discussion between four international detectives on the methods of sleuthing peculiar to their respective nations. The disappearance of the Cabinet Minister was either the work of the Reds or a plain case of *cherchez la femme*. The lady in the blue dress (Miss Lorne) who had followed his wife to the Argus Night Club must be found, and when found, dealt with according to each pursuer's theories on the correct way to treat a woman. Mr. Anthony Holles (Germany) was for brute force. Mr. Boris Ranevsky (France) counselled making love to her. Mr. George Tully (America) proposed "buying her something"; and Mr. C. Aubrey Smith (good old England) more gallantly insisted on appealing to her sense of sportsmanship.

Mr. Holles having tried bluster and failed, Mr. Tully took up the chase, film fashion, and was generously bumped, battered, and bewildered in the interior (most realistic) of a moving taxi-cab. After that Mr. Aubrey Smith, more representative, it seemed, of the Test Match Selection Committee than of Scotland Yard, and Miss Lorne spent most of Act II reconstructing the crime (as it didn't quite happen) in the hall of the missing Minister's empty house in Belgrave Square. The pair were holding hands over the disarranged supper-table when Miss Cathleen Nesbitt arrived from the Argus Club (Miss Lorne had stolen the key of the house from her handbag) and began to lie like several troopers about the bullet-mark over the mantelpiece, the torn fragment of her dress, and why her husband had returned suddenly from Switzerland, and who had shot him, and where he was at that moment. Young Carstairs (Mr. Leonard Upton) came, too, and hid in the next room (while Sir Scotland Yard popped out for a constable) and escaped through the window before the Big Four assembled in force.

How our Alice in Blunderland finally expedited a confession from Miss Nesbitt under the noses of the quartet by delivering a message from the shot Minister accusing his wife, which purported to come from the hospital but was in reality a stray call from the Zoo; how, on a fading scent, Mr. Aubrey Smith was left calling her a "little monkey"; how, in fact, Miss Lorne pulled more strings than a dozen Buntnys—are not these things waiting to be seen and enjoyed by all admirers of Maid Marian?

Not nearly enough is seen of Miss Nesbitt in another authentic portrait of the smart sinner in distress, but Mr. Aubrey Smith plays a sporting innings with his accustomed ease and polish, and Mr. George Tully is delightful as the American sleuth. "TRINCULO."



MR. GEORGE TULLY

As the American sleuth. His motto is "buy her something," which turns out to be a taxicab!



RECONSTRUCTING THE CRIME

The Gentil Knight from Scotland Yard (Mr. C. Aubrey Smith) "plays the game" with a dash of sentiment. Miss Lorne, of course, is far too smart for the Big Four

AT THE HENDON

LADY IPSWICH AND THE HON.
MARY FITZROY

THE MASTER OF SEMPILL

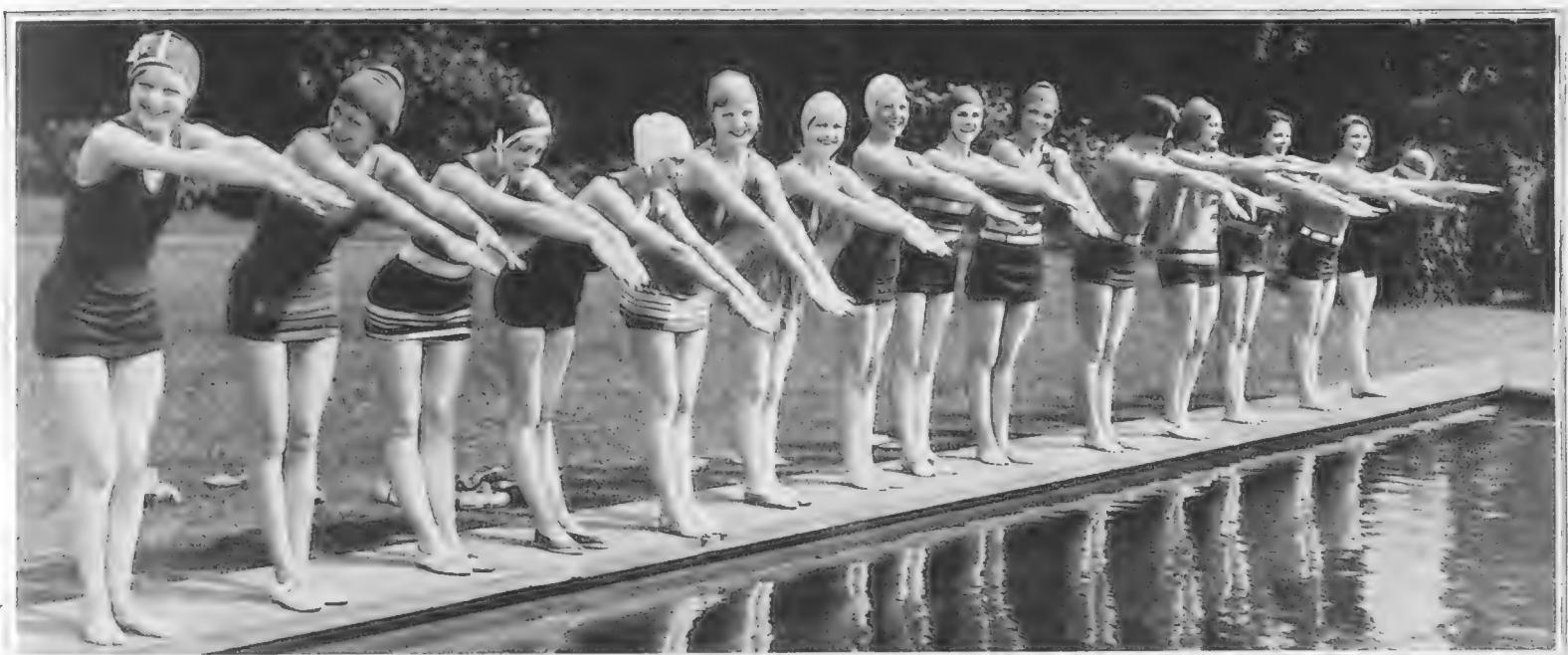
LADY JEAN MACKINTOSH AND
A FRIENDTHE HON. ADRIAN VERNEY-CAVE
AND MISS ELWESLADY ALLENDALE AND MR.
NIGEL SEELYAIR-MARSHAL SIR HUGH AND
LADY TRENCHARD

In spite of there being so many other things happening on the same day as the Royal Air Force Pageant at Hendon, there were apparently enough people in London to fill all of them twice over. The crowd at Hendon was a record, and the amazing show, lots of it most hair-raising, was entirely worth it. Lord's, Hurlingham, Wimbledon, all in full blast, seemed to make absolutely no difference to the Hendon muster. The reflected glory of what happened descended on Sir Hugh Trenchard, and the foreign visitors must have been not a little impressed and fully persuaded that anything they saw of the R.A.F. in the War was nothing to what they then saw. The Master of Sempill's great interest in all that appertains to aviation hardly needs stressing. Lady Ipswich, who is with one of her little daughters, is the mother of the Duke of Grafton, who is sixteen. Lady Jean Mackintosh is the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton's elder daughter, and two of her brothers, including the heir, are airmen. The Hon. Adrian Verney-Cave is Lord Braye's son, and Lady Allendale was Miss Violet Seely, and is with her youngest brother



BEAUTY AND THE BATH! WHO'S FOR A DIP?

AT MAJOR PAGET'S PARTY: Frau Plast, Lady Arbuthnot-Lane, Sir William Bull, Miss Bapsy Pavry, Sir Duncan Swann, Sir Howard D'Egville, Sir Arbuthnot-Lane, Lady Swann, and Mrs. J. B. Paget



A REVUE CHORUS ABOUT TO GO IN AT THE DEEP END AT MAJOR PAGET'S PARTY

The Commissioner of Works and his Lido are not having it all their own way, for this party which Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget gave at their house at Roehampton for the benefit of some of the hard-worked ladies of London's revues, was as big a success as anything achieved so far by the Serpentine. The Maltravers Herald Extraordinary, who himself can swim like any fish, was co-opted as starter, and eminent medical aid, as will be observed from the list in the top group, was at hand in case of emergency. None arose and the party went off with what may be described as a tremendous splash.



THE "STARTER" (SIR WILLIAM BULL) AND THE "FIELD"

Priscilla in Paris



SACHA GUITRY DOING A JOB OF WORK

A recent picture taken in the study, or workroom, of the beautiful house in the Champs de Mars, which belonged to Sacha's famous father, Lucien, of whom Sacha has written an excellent biographical memoir. The blur on the left is Sacha's stenographer

TRÈS CHER,—I own a delightful old English drinking mug inscribed with a jingly verse that begins thus:

I envy no one's birth or fame,
Their title, train, or dress,
Nor has my pride e'er stretched its aim
Beyond what I possess. . . .

and I chuckle to think what an apt caption the first two lines would have made for some of the photographs that have been appearing on the pages of those papers described by Miss Rose Macaulay in one of her hit-and-miss slaps at the world, as "our shinier paper weeklies"! I imagine that the dripping damsels at Ascot would have gladly exchanged their birth, fame, title, train, and dress for a girl scout's outfit, except of course that to show one's knees nowadays is an impropriety that no Really Nice Young Women will commit. We are, of course, not so Nice in Paris, and when the rain threatened to turn the paddock at Auteuil into a marshy swamp the long-skirted maidens merely swathed their draperies round their middles or pulled them shawl-wise over their shoulders; legs were once more naked—or veiled with 44 *fin*, which comes to the same thing—and unashamed. Perhaps not unashamed however. We are already inclined to feel a little self-conscious about "legs." They seem to have taken on a strangely salacious value by reason of their recent eclipse. It is amazing, but I noticed that several dear (?) old gentlemen and quite a few lads young enough to know better, became quite pink in the face with suppressed (badly suppressed) excitement. Poor dears and poor "us" if we are to be forced back by public (male) opinion to the coyness of the Edwardian days. As a matter of fact the long-skirted brigade at Auteuil and Longchamps was, for the greater part, composed of *mannequins* and those ladies whose profession it is to startle, or try and startle, the world. The well-dressed Frenchwoman keeps her really trailing draperies for evening and indoor occasions, when and where I think they are very lovely. But out of doors let us not discard our legs!

The spectacle of hundreds of slim, long-skirted women at the Grand Opera House the evening that Argentina danced there for charity was a most graceful one. It was an official and gala affair with President Doumergue—Gastouet of the ineffable smile—in the box of honour. The light and dainty toilettes—to use an expression that Arnold Bennett has made so particularly his own—gained value in lightness and daintiness against the background of stone and marble and the harsh scarlet, white, and blue of the Garde Municipale that, in full dress, "lined" the Grand Escalier.



"THE SPIRIT OF VIENNA"

A striking portrait of a famous Austrian dancer, which was awarded a special gold medal at the Photographic Exhibition held recently in Vienna. The famous Austrian dancer, with a modesty which is quite extraordinary, apparently did not tell the photographer her name

A gorgeous evening in every way. To begin with it was Argentina's first dance recital in Paris after her world's tour; add to this that she was generously giving the whole proceeds of her performance to the charitable organization known as "La Ligue National contre le Taudis," whose slogan is "Air and Light for All and Happiness in Work"!!! Every seat in the house was occupied, and you can imagine the warmth of the reception she received. She gave us three new dances: Goyescas, by Granados; Danse Iberienne, by Albeniz; and the Danse de la Meunière from de Falla's ballet, *Le Tricorne*, in all of which she showed us new aspects of her amazing personality and talent. The Goyescas pleased the audience best perhaps. The costume was enchanting too. The silver-white wig with the coronet of diamonds and immense black velvet bow, the huge flashing ear-rings, the jewelled fob dangling from the short yellow basted bodice, the wide skirt showing the restless little feet in their brocade and buckled shoes. . . . And how excitedly did the audience welcome the old favourites, insisting on "encores" for the Danza V in which, a slim black velvet silhouette against the grey draperies of the stage, she glides and veers to the slow movements of Granados' music and the perfectly controlled and modulated rhythm of her own castagnettes. She is wonderful, too, in Albeniz' stately "Cordoba" and delightfully, coyly *malicieuse* (in the French sense of the word) in Guerrero's Lagarterana. Argentina is unique, no

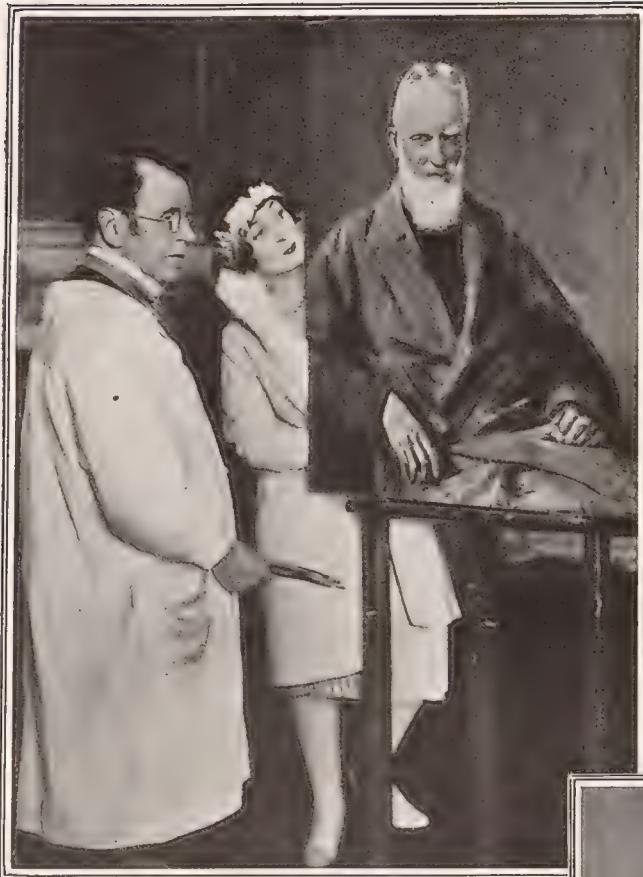
(Continued on p. vi)



JANINA SMOLINSKA OF "THE SONG OF THE FLAME" FILM,
RECENTLY SHOWN IN LONDON

Janina Smolinska, who was co-opted as a dancer in "The Song of the Flame," a story of the horrors and bestialities of the Bolshevik Revolution, hails from the Folies Bergère in Paris, and is in the light marching order which is often favoured in "them parts." "The Song of the Flame" was at the Tivoli in the Strand for a moderate run and followed that great success, "Journey's End."





THREE PERSONALITIES

Lady Lavery has a private view of the portrait of Mr. Bernard Shaw on which Sir John Lavery has recently been working. This photograph was taken at Hove, where the famous Irish R.A. and his wife have been enjoying select Sussex sea breezes. Sir John Lavery's pictures are to be found not only in English, Scottish, Irish, and many Continental galleries, but also in America



THE GOOD COMPANIONS

Claude Harris
A new portrait of Lady Moira Combe and her delightful children—Audrey, aged nine; and Peter, who is five. Lieut.-Colonel Combe's wife, deservedly admired wherever she goes, was last night adding to the décor of the Living Poster Ball at the Park Lane Hotel

*Claude Harris*
LADY CARLISLE

Trying out a new-old coiffure with immense success. Tomorrow (July 10). Lady Carlisle is to feature at the Midnight Revue to be held at the London Pavilion in aid of the Prince of Wales' Personal Fund for the British Legion. There has been a stampede for seats, and the revue promises to be even better than last year's version



LORD AND LADY LICHFIELD

The snapshots on the left and right were taken at Wolverhampton races last week. Mr. A. E. Hancock is Clerk of the Course at this pleasant meeting place for Midland racegoers, and his elder son, Mr. Malcolm Hancock, is Senior Judge to the Jockey Club. Lord Lichfield, the owner of Shugborough and a Deputy-Lieutenant for Staffordshire, married the only daughter of Colonel E. G. Keppel



MR. A. E. HANCOCK WITH HIS SONS, MR. MALCOLM HANCOCK (right) AND MR. JOHN HANCOCK

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THE TEMPLE OF DREAMS

By Arild Rosenkrantz



"I met a painted caravan a'down a dusty
A Pharaoh with his wagons comin' jolt an'

By Leonard Potts



"In a dusty lane,
Min' jolt an' creak an' strain." —Patrick R. Chalmers

Leonard Potts



THE CHILD IN THE BATH

By A. K. Browning

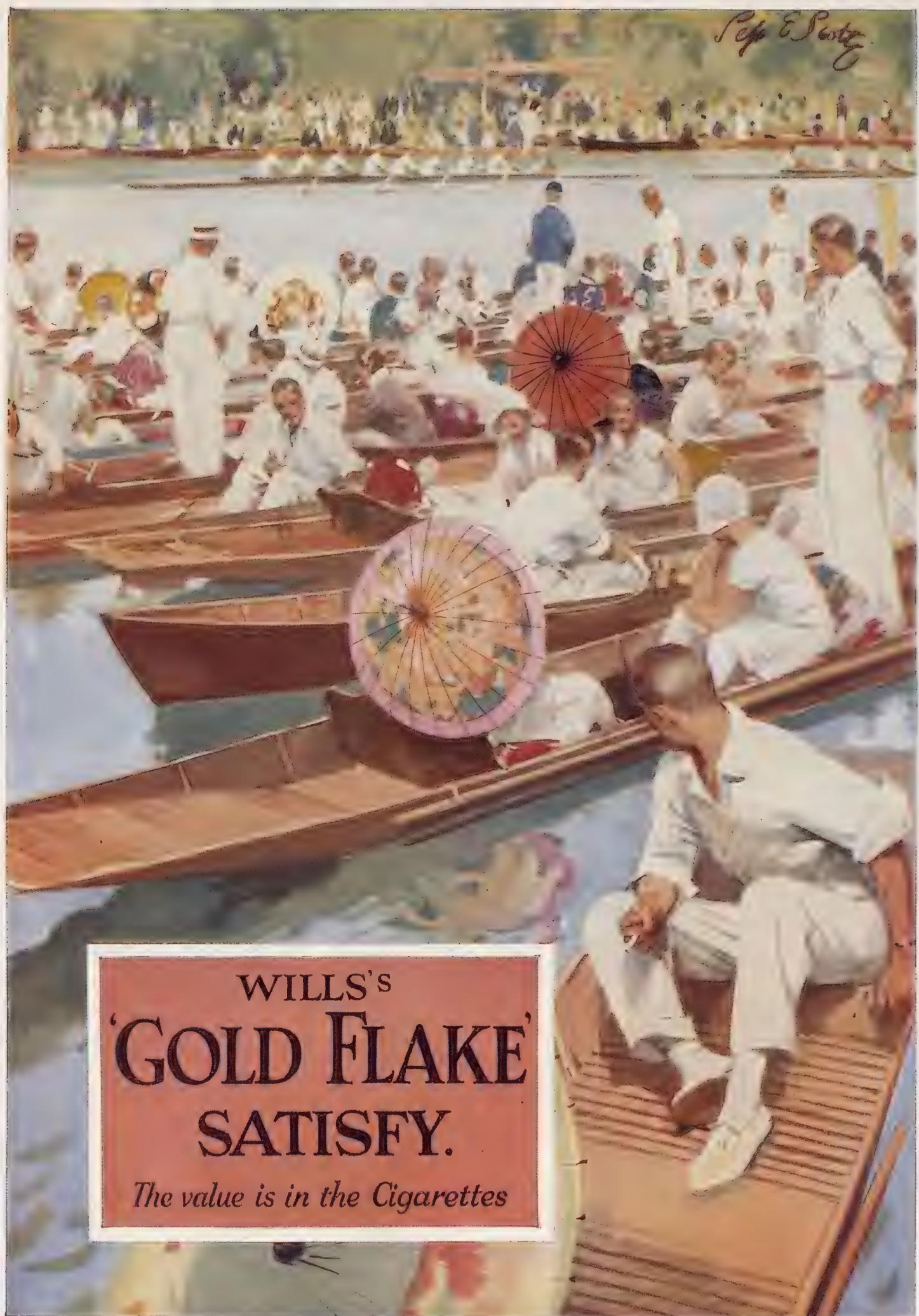


ANGUS MACPHERSON AT LORD'S, 1875



ANGUS MACPHERSON AT LORD'S, 1930

By P. Bellew



STRAIGHT FROM THE FLICKERS



JEAN ARTHUR AS OLIVER TWIST



JUNE COLLYER IN "RIVER OF ROMANCE"



JACK BUCHANAN IN "MONTE CARLO"

All the people "featuring" in this page are very busy doing jobs of work in Hollywood for various Paramount films, and Jack Buchanan, who, like Evelyn Laye, has been appropriated by Hollywood, is in what they call the ultra-modern barber's parlour where the patients can break off in the middle of even a major operation and ring up either their stockbrokers or their "walk-out." In "Monte Carlo" Jack Buchanan's opposite number is pretty Jeanette MacDonald. Jean Arthur looks far too well-fed and well-washed to make an ideal Oliver asking for more. June Collyer, whose real name is Dorothy Hermance, has, they say, had a good success in "River of Romance." A bit ago she was in a film with the alluring title of "Me, Gangster."

PURPOSEFUL GATHERINGS ON A VARIETY OF OCCASIONS



AT THE TEST MATCH: THE RIGHT HON. STANLEY BRUCE AND MRS. BRUCE



A TRIBUTE TO A "BRAW LASS" AT ABBOTSFORD

Walter Brydon

Miss Patricia Maxwell-Scott presenting a rose to Miss Hazel Gardiner when the Gala-shiels 'Braw Lads' Gathering paid an official visit to Abbotsford, once the home of Sir Walter Scott, and now the property of his great-great-grandson, Major-General Walter Maxwell-Scott, seen on the right of the group. On the left is Lord Dalkeith, who also took part in the celebrations. Mr. Stanley Bruce and his wife were early arrivals at Lord's to watch their countrymen breaking the hearts of the England bowlers. The ex-Premier of Australia rowed in the winning Cambridge eight of 1904



A "COURT" GALLANT: SIR NEVILLE PEARSON OFFERS Mlle. VLASTO A DRINK. ON THE LEFT IS SIR ARTHUR CROSFIELD

The snapshot above was taken at Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield's hospitable home at Highgate, where charity exhibition tennis matches are a pre-Wimbledon feature. Mlle. Vlasto was competing at Wimbledon, and in the singles was put out by Mlle. Payot, the Swiss champion. The two remaining pictures were taken at Hurlingham, where the final between the Ashton brothers and Hurricanes provided onlookers with a red-letter match. On handicap, Hurricanes were fancied to win fairly easily, but Goulburn's gallant fight kept the issue in the balance until almost the end. Mrs. Gordon Foster is the wife of the Master of the Sinnerton. Lord Wodehouse, an International, is on the Hurlingham Polo Committee.



WATCHING THE CHAMPION CUP FINAL: Left—MISS COLLEN AND MAJOR AVERY. Right—LORD WODEHOUSE AND MRS. GORDON FOSTER

THE LIVING POSTER BALL



AT A REHEARSAL: LADY DIANA COOPER, MRS. BAILLIE-HAMILTON, AND LADY CUNARD

A rehearsal for the Living Poster Ball was held last week at Lady Cunard's London house. The ball, which was in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund and the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital, happened on Tuesday (8th) at the Park Lane Hotel. Lady Diana Cooper headed the procession as the figure of Charity, and Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton was in the "Soap" group with Lady Moira Combe, Miss Baba Beaton, and several other beautiful people



THE BAGHDAD POLICE POLO TEAM

The winners of the Jacks Cup Polo Tournament at Baghdad in May, 1930. The names, left to right, are Constable Kachik, Head Constable Abdul Karim, Captain Sargon, and Saiyid Hashim Effendi. The Cup was presented by Mr. T. L. Jacks, Resident Director of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company at Teheran. Twelve teams competed.

MAJOR W. E. LYON, who, as all the hunting world knows, is one of the best men on a horse—and also off it as I take leave to say—in all England, is, I learn, busy on the preparation of a book to be called "The Pegasus Book," and which is due for some time near Christmas. As the title suggests, it will deal principally with sport in which four-legged, aided or otherwise by two-legged, animals take part, and no one better could be found to write it. Hunting of course comes in very largely, and Major Van der Byl, with the author's permission, has sent me an advance copy of a chapter he has been asked to contribute on "The Alleged Cruelty of Hunting." Major Van der Byl has done it very well, and holds the scales so level that even the "antis" will not, I think, be able to put one over on him. Major Van der Byl starts by saying "Fox-hunting is a sport, and all sport is necessarily cruel; but it is always the aim of every true sportsman to render it as little cruel as possible." I would go one better than that, and say that all killing is necessarily cruel, and that if we were logical we should give up eating even vegetables and eggs, to say nothing about beef and mutton and all kinds of fin and feather, because a cabbage is just as much alive as a salmon or a trout, and a cauliflower as a pheasant. Furthermore, where slaughter of animals is concerned the degree of cruelty inflicted to provide us with a beef-steak is far in excess of the degree of cruelty in the case of a fox who is killed instantaneously. The inhumane method of slaughter of beasts—calves and pigs especially—should, I think, be more closely scrutinized by the good people who disapprove of blood sports than it is. How horses are killed for food has been explained pretty often, and though some check has been placed upon it, the evidence I have sent me from time to time from various people of what still goes on at many continental abattoirs is not exactly encouraging—in fact very much the reverse. But I think before we talk too much about the Continent we had better look a bit closer home, particularly where the slaughter of calves and pigs is concerned. I am holla'ing away a right good fox in this instance. Why does not someone lay the anti-blood pack on, hunt him, and kill him? If they are really anti-cruelty and not merely anti-fox-hunting, here's a ready-made "hunt" for them. There's a blazing good scent and the biggest mutt of a huntsman ever born could hardly contrive not to handle his fox. Instead of this, which is simply asking for attention, the anti-blood sport people are busy attacking things about which they do not know a great deal.



Speaight
THE HON. MRS. CECIL BROWNLOW
The wife of the Hon. Cecil Brownlow and a sister-in-law of Lord Lurgan. Mrs. Brownlow is Vice-President of the Lympington Yacht Club

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

I agree that all sport is necessarily cruel, but then the whole of creation is at it, and has been ever since the days of Adam and Eve, and as I say, something is always hunting something else either for food or because he or it is made that way. A fox, for instance, and his friend the wolf, are quite ruthless. A fox will kill a dozen roosters, or two dozen, and only want one. A wolf will kill for the sheer lust of killing, and because also he is fond of hunting. Wild dogs are worse, and wolf-packs and wild dog-packs are marvels to watch. They make any pack of hounds look silly. The hound hunts the fox, and for every dozen he hunts he kills one, if lucky; the fox hunts the turkey, the barn-door fowl, the rabbit, the frog, the lizard, the pheasant, the partridge, and lots of other things, various insects included. The turkey and the barn-door fowl hunt a whole heap of things, including the worm and divers insects, and the worm hunts something and the something hunts something else, and fleas hunt lots of people and so do mosquitoes, and on balance, taking the world over, the beasts of the field and snakes kill far more human beings than human beings kill of all these things. How about between 20,000 and 30,000 casualties in one year—regularly—in India alone? About the African and American continents I do not know, but Africa I should think could go pretty close to India, though probably not above it because snakes always play such a big innings; and then wolves, hyenas, and leopards do more slaughter amongst the poor little piccaninnies left unguarded sometimes in the villages. So if it comes down to who gets it most in the neck, Man or the Beast, there is no argument, and man is just as badly hunted and slain as he was in the days when he had to hop it a bit to evade the mastodon, the ichthyosaurus the sabre-toothed tiger, the mammoth, and many other unpleasant things which formed the Zoological Gardens of his times. The main point to be observed is, I think, that killing for food is usually more cruel than killing in the way which it happens out fox-hunting. I admit, most readily, that some stag-hound packs have

(Continued on p. viii)



IN THE ROW: THE SULTAN OF JOHORE AND LADY LUCAS
The Sultan of Johore, Malay Peninsula, used to race a good deal in India at one time and owned a horse called The Crown. Lady Lucas is the wife of Sir Edward Lucas, Bart.



Will you have any regrets this Summer?

*Q*U'VE watched another woman on the first tee . . . and thought "If she knew how she looks, she wouldn't"

And you've seen women on the beach who should have considered more than the neckline when they bought their bathing suits. There's no dodging it—summer is a critical and revealing season

Now is the time to take inventory, with eyes as relentlessly inquiring as those of the strangers you will meet

Is there a single spot that will show to your disadvantage? Will it be your back, revealed all day, in a backless bathing suit, and not so satin-smooth as you had supposed?

What of your legs . . . your elbows . . . the back of your neck?

If you have any qualms, let Elizabeth Arden help you

Whatever your trouble she has at her fingertips the solution that is right for you. She can train a figure, shape an elbow, taper an ankle, just as surely as she can clear a skin. For her skill has the whole realm of women's beauty for its province, and her clients are never asked to accept less than natural loveliness

With the resources of Miss Arden's SALON at your disposal, you have no excuse for looking less than your best

For the summer-time care of your skin Miss Arden counsels the faithful use of these Preparations

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM

Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 22/6

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Tones, firms, and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream. 3/6, 8/6, 15/6

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A delicate cream that smooths and refines without fattening. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 22/6

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Smooths and refines the skin, leaves a silky finish, flattering for day or evening. Prevents windburn, sunburn and freckling. White, Cream, Naturelle, Special Rachel, Spanish Rachel, Ocre and bronze. 6/6, 10/6

VENETIAN BLEACHINE CREAM

Bleaching and nourishing cream, made with fresh lemons. Softens and whitens the skin, lightens tan and redness. 5/6

VENETIAN SPECIAL EYE LOTION

Use with an eye-cup, morning and night, to cleanse and tone the eyes. 4/6, 10/6

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PARIS

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AMERICA PREPARES: THE ROSLYN TEAM

Left to right: Mr. E. A. S. Hopping (back), Mr. Devereux Milburn (No. 3), Mr. R. E. Strawbridge (No. 2), and Mr. William Averill Harriman (No. 1). This team has been reconstituted since the American Open last autumn. Mr. E. A. S. Hopping is pretty sure to be America's International back in September

IF the Inter-Regimental looked good for the 17/21 Lancers after their performance in the Ranelagh Open Cup when they knocked a good side, The Cavaliers, sideways 9 to 2 in their tie on June 9, it looked doubly good after the hard game they had with The Pilgrims in the Championship on June 21, beating them 11 to 7. At first things did not look too good for the regimental team, and for four chukkers the pressing attentions of The Pilgrims upset their combination. They then began to find their feet in the fifth chukker, and both the sixth and seventh were theirs, and they were going by far the better for the fifth, sixth, and seventh than The Pilgrims. It was a great sight to see their colonel playing just as he used to do when he was Mr. V. N. Lockett, and that beautiful near side shot of his is a treat to watch and an education to every student of polo as it should be played. His three subalterns all played very well indeed, and it is only a question of by how much they win the Inter-Regimental for the twelfth time in England plus four times in India and once on the Rhine. This record as it stands is one which is quite unlikely to be beaten. Last year they beat their old foemen, the Bays, 6 to 2.

Mention of the 17th and the Inter-Regimental I feel sure makes a good many of us wish that one of the greatest of the regiment's polo champions—the late Lieut.-Colonel Ted Miller—were here to see it and its allied regiment add yet a further notch to a record which is never likely to be beaten, and which really belongs to the 17th, for it was they who put down the foundations and proceeded to build up this magnificent edifice. Colonel Miller never played in a 17th team when it won in England, but was twice in the team when it won in India, 1888 and 1889—the No 1 in 1888 and No. 3 in 1889. Very few of those two teams, the first which brought the 17th Lancers into real prominence, I fear are now left. Colonel Miller was then a subaltern, and so was Colonel B. P. Portal, who is still to the fore. Lord Ava, who was the No. 1 in 1889, died at an early age. I remember him well, as I do the rest of those two teams, and *mutatis mutandis*, I believe that they would have still been in front to-day.

In this Champion Cup this year the 17/21 were put out 9 to 3 by The Hurricanes, but that was not the real value of that match as the 17/21 were at least three goals better than the actual score, that is to say, that sheer bad fortune deprived them of three certain goals. The actual score ought therefore to have been about 9—6,

POLO NOTES

By "Serrefile"

and for any regimental team to go as close up as this to one of "near" International class tells most people all that they want to know about its class. The 17/21 are a better team than the Mixed Grills (the Marquis de Portago's team), which The Hurricanes held all the way and beat 9—5. They did not beat the 17/21 so easily.

* * *

But there are some other people in this year's Championship in addition to the 17/21 who have been covering themselves with honour, and they are our hard-riding friends from Australia (Goulburn). In a recent note on the Whitney Cup on this page I said, and I think it may be interesting to repeat it at this particular moment, when this Goulburn team has had a dog fight in the final of the Championship with The Hurricanes:

"A thing which now seems to suggest itself is this, that the Australian team, a well-organized unit, ought to be played against any International team we may be thinking of selecting. In the Whitney Cup semi-final, (Goulburn) Australia were entitled to a 6-goal start from The Hurricanes. They beat them 13 to 8, which means—on these figures—that they would only have been beaten by 1 goal if they had started level. . . . This Goulburn performance rather opens our eyes and puts this team in quite a different class to the one in which some people thought it was—a bit above first-class regimental."

This little prophecy has come just about true. The team Bridge House, which Goulburn beat in the final of the Whitney Cup, was just about the same class as the Old Etonian one they beat in that good fight on a ground that was a bit inclined to be slow in the semi-final of the Championship, and two of the O.E.'s, Captain A. W. M. S. Pilkington and Captain Tremayne, were in the Bridge House team.

* * *

Where pony-power was concerned in this Goulburn v. Old Etonian match there was not much in it as to quality or size, and both teams were on steeds that averaged about 14'3 $\frac{1}{2}$. The International team's ponies average about 15'1 and I think I am right in saying that there is one in the

(Continued on p. x)



THE SANDS POINT TEAM, U.S.A.

Some more of America's H.E. stuff. The names, left to right, are: Mr. A. C. Schwartz (back), Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jun. (No. 3), Mr. G. H. Bostwick (No. 2), and Mr. Harold E. Talbott, Jun. (No. 1). Two of this team, Mr. Tommy Hitchcock and Mr. A. C. Schwartz (owner of Jack Horner, the 1926 Grand National winner), were in the Sands Point team beaten in the American Open final last autumn.

The FIRST TEST MATCH

180.—THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Sept. 18, 1880.—III.

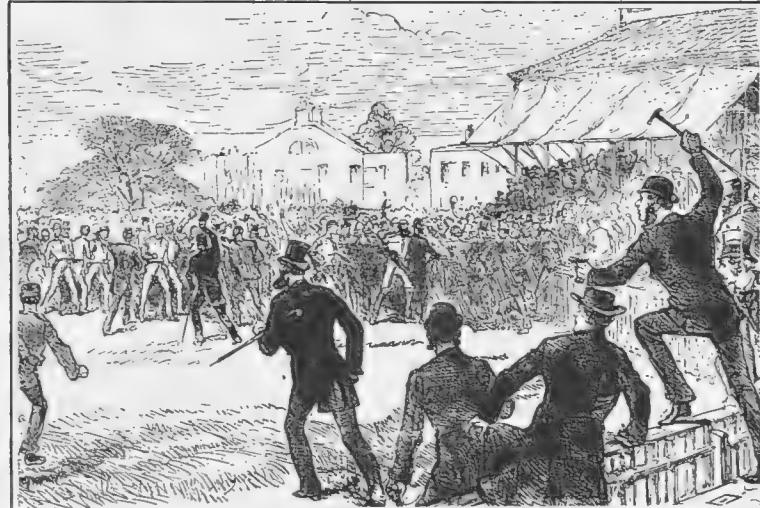
THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS AT KENNINGTON OVAL



By permission of "The Illustrated London News."

OVER a century before the first Test Match was played, Guinness was already a favourite beverage. To-day one could put the Oval half a dozen times into the Guinness Brewery, so vast is this, the largest Brewery in the world.

Guinness is a light, refreshing and sustaining beverage especially suitable for Summer weather. In fact the sales of Guinness in Summer are even larger than in Winter.



GUINNESS
IS GOOD FOR YOU
IN SUMMER

G.E. 97A.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK : Stories from Everywhere

MISS DIANA FISHWICK, the nineteen-year-old golfer who recently scored such a sensational victory for England over her American rival, Miss Glenna Collett, tells a good story concerning a couple of very quick girl players who, after being held up several times by two old gentlemen in front, sent a caddie forward and asked permission to go through. The request was refused, and a little later one of the girls hit a "wow" of a drive which pitched among the forward party. Whereupon a caddie was sent back with the following message: "The gentlemen in front present their compliments to the ladies behind, and beg to inform them that they can, if necessary, go even slower." The caddie returned at once with the reply: "The ladies behind present their compliments to the gentlemen in front, and beg to inform them that it is a question of the quick and the dead."

* * * * *

A woman got seriously behind with her hire-purchase payments and received a stern letter from the firm from which she had purchased the goods. Her reply was: "In answer to your letter I have not received it as I do not live here now."

* * * * *

"What is a diplomat?" asked Ikey. "A diplomat, my boy," replied his father, "is a man who can wake up and look surprised when the firemen break into his bedroom."

* * * * *

A woman went into the witness-box to spin a tale against her husband. "He earns five pounds a week," she said, "and refuses to let me have any of it for myself and the children. He wants us all to starve, the brute."

The magistrate looked sympathetic. "This seems a bad business, but it's a pity to have to come here about it. Are you sure it can't be settled out of court?" he asked.

"No, it can't," retorted the woman, "I've tried more than once, but the police have always butted in."

* * * * *

An improvident man had purchased an ancient hunter from the livery stable on the instalment plan. A week after he returned to the owner of the stables. "Jones," he said in a peremptory tone, "I am not at all pleased with this animal."

"Oh, what's wrong?" asked the other. "She won't hold her head up," the colonel complained bitterly. The dealer grinned sardonically. "That's only her pride," he said; "you just wait till she's paid for and then see!"



Hay Wrightson
MADAME PAUL DUBONNET

Formerly Mrs. John Victor Nash, who though she has changed her name has not changed her habit of being the best-dressed woman wherever she goes. Madame Dubonnet is the wife of M. Paul Dubonnet of wine fame, and lives in Paris, where she has a charming appartement in the Avenue Foch.

* * * * *

A clever young man was wandering up and down the platform in the hopes of finding an empty carriage, but his search being fruitless he thought of what he thought was a brilliant plan. He stalked up to the last carriage and cried in an official voice:

"All change here; this carriage isn't going!" With expressions of dismay the occupants bundled out of the carriage and found seats elsewhere in the train. With a gratified sigh the young man settled down in the corner of the empty carriage.

After a quarter of an hour or so the station-master put his head inside the window: "Are you the smart young fellow who told the people this carriage wasn't going?"

"Yes," replied the young fellow.

"Well," said the station-master with a grin, "it isn't. The porter heard you telling the people, and so he uncoupled it. He thought you were a director."



MR. WILHELM BACKHAUS IN ACTION
A Tor impression of the bard of Beethoven and other classical music. Mr. Backhaus gave a recital in the spring at the Queen's Hall and is now touring Australia. Before leaving England he was busy recording for H.M.V. Born in Leipsic in 1884, this great pianist won the Rubinstein Prize in Paris at the age of twenty-one.

A small boy had picked up the word "darn," and naturally his mother did not approve.

"Billy, dear," she said, "if you will promise not to say 'darn' again, I will give you sixpence."

"All right mother," he said, as he took the money, "I promise." As he fingered the coin a hopeful look came into his eyes, and he said: "I say mother, I know a word that's worth a shilling."

* * * * *

A group of navvies were having their lunch by the roadside. Presently a joyful clergyman came along.

"Ah, good morning!" he said to them. "Al fresco to-day?"

"Who's ridin' 'im, guv'nor?" asked one of the workmen.

* * * * *

The new maid was rather over-fond of jewellery, and as her mistress was expecting guests that evening, she thought she would give her a little friendly advice.

"Mary," she said, "I don't think you'd better wear any jewellery tonight—only just while the guests are here."

Mary somehow missed the point of the advice, and said, "Well, mum, I've not got much what you'd call valuable—but thanks for the warning all the same."

* * * * *

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* * * * *

Two revellers were propping one another up in Piccadilly. "Shay ol' man," said one, "what does your wife shay when you go home a li'l bit 'toxicated?"

"My wife? Oh, she becomes hightfully his-historical."

"You mean she becomes hysterical."

"No, ol' feller, I mean his-historical. She digsh up all the bally pasht."

Try this Delightful Summer Drink

TRY this really delightful drink for summer days — *cold Ovaltine.* As delicious in this way as when made as a hot beverage. It not merely quenches the thirst but refreshes and invigorates as well. It supplies, too, the nourishment you particularly need in the summer—for ordinary hot-weather foods contain little nourishment—while the need for nourishment remains much the same all the year round.

Cold "Ovaltine" is easy to prepare. Add to cold milk or milk-and-water. Whisk with an egg-whisk or shake in a cocktail shaker. Then you have a creamy, foaming drink—as delicious as it is refreshing. Brimful, too, of energy-giving nourishment to enable you to avoid fatigue and to keep vigorous and healthy.



'OVALTINE'

Nourishing COLD & Refreshing

Obtainable throughout the British Empire.

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland 1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

P.565

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. ASTON

Can These
Things Be?

The other night—or rather morning, for I am sure it was in that blissful patch of sleep that comes just after the "early tea" has arrived at the bedside—I dreamed that I was gaily spinning down the Great West Road in my New Phantom Rolls-Royce

saying variously "Staines," "Sunningdale," "Reading," "Southampton," "Bournemouth," and "Exeter." Most of the inward cars had "London" on their plates, but they carried, too, a prominent star in red. Soon a starless one hove in sight.

This was promptly stopped by my bottle-green official. "Here's a ticket for the return journey," he shouted as he handed me into the back seat of a modest saloon. "And your fare to Hyde Park Corner from here is exactly a bob." We were soon under way again, and I lost no time in handing the coin to the driver, with the remark, "I'm sorry to intrude upon you like this . . . er, er . . . a total stranger . . ." and so forth. "Don't fret about that," he replied, "the other two are just as total as you are. By the way, would north of the Park suit? If it does I can take you the whole way, for I'm going to Westbourne Grove." Then, "Confound it!" he shouted as he trampled on the brakes, "I forgot to put up my red star, and this bus is registered as a four-seater." That omission was soon corrected, and it was in silence that the journey continued. It was all very mysterious, and all that one could do was to sit tight and wait. At Queen's Road I got a taxi. "Where to?" demanded cabby. "Pall Mall. The Somnambulists' Club," I responded. Thereupon he hung upon the canopy of his vehicle a plate bearing the name "Charing Cross," and thither we hurried. At Marble Arch an elderly lady held up her hand and the taxi stopped. She got in and sat down beside me without a word. But the taximan observed, "You'll a'ffer give'er eighteen pence. That don't include the tip . . . if any," he added, looking quizzically at the elderly lady.

(Continued on p. xviii)

Mrs. Albert Broom
MAJOR T. E. G. NUGENT

Who is in the Irish Guards, is the Brigade-Major of the Brigade of Guards and an extra-Equerry to H.R.H. the Duke of York, and accompanied the Duke and Duchess on their Australian and New Zealand tour in 1927

(that alone, what with income-tax at its present figure, will tell you it was a genuine dream) when I was suddenly called upon to stop by a policeman. "Dash it all," I said to myself—or words to that effect—"I thought we had outgrown this childish nonsense (as a matter we haven't, not even on the Great West Road), and as I pulled up, I was just about to ask him what monstrous speed he was going to accuse me of doing when I noticed that his uniform, instead of being the regulation blue, was a rather taking shade of bottle-green. A silver "T" decorated each of the lapels of his jacket. He came up to me authoritatively, "Where, Sir" (the "Sir" alone told me this was no common police-trap), said he, "is your destination notice?" "My what?" I cried in amazement. "Your destination notice," he repeated. "Why," I explained, "I don't know in the least what you mean. My car is neither a motorbus nor a charabanc, and, if you want to know, I'm just trickling up to London to see a man about a pedigree bullfinch." "You must know that you are breaking the law," he said with severity. All that I could say was that I was sorry, I had been abroad and I was painfully ignorant of any law that I had contrived to transgress. It is a thing that, anyhow, I take to like a duck takes to water. "As you don't seem to know what you are doing," quoth the officer in a relenting tone of voice, "I will let you off this time. Now just drive your car into this park here, and I will give you a chit for it." And there I stood it with quite a number of others. Nearly all of them, I noted, had "London" inscribed in yellow letters on a black ground upon a plate in front of the radiator.

* * *

More Adventures.

The officer and I walked out of the park and back to the road, where cars were swishing by in both directions. On those travelling westward I saw notices

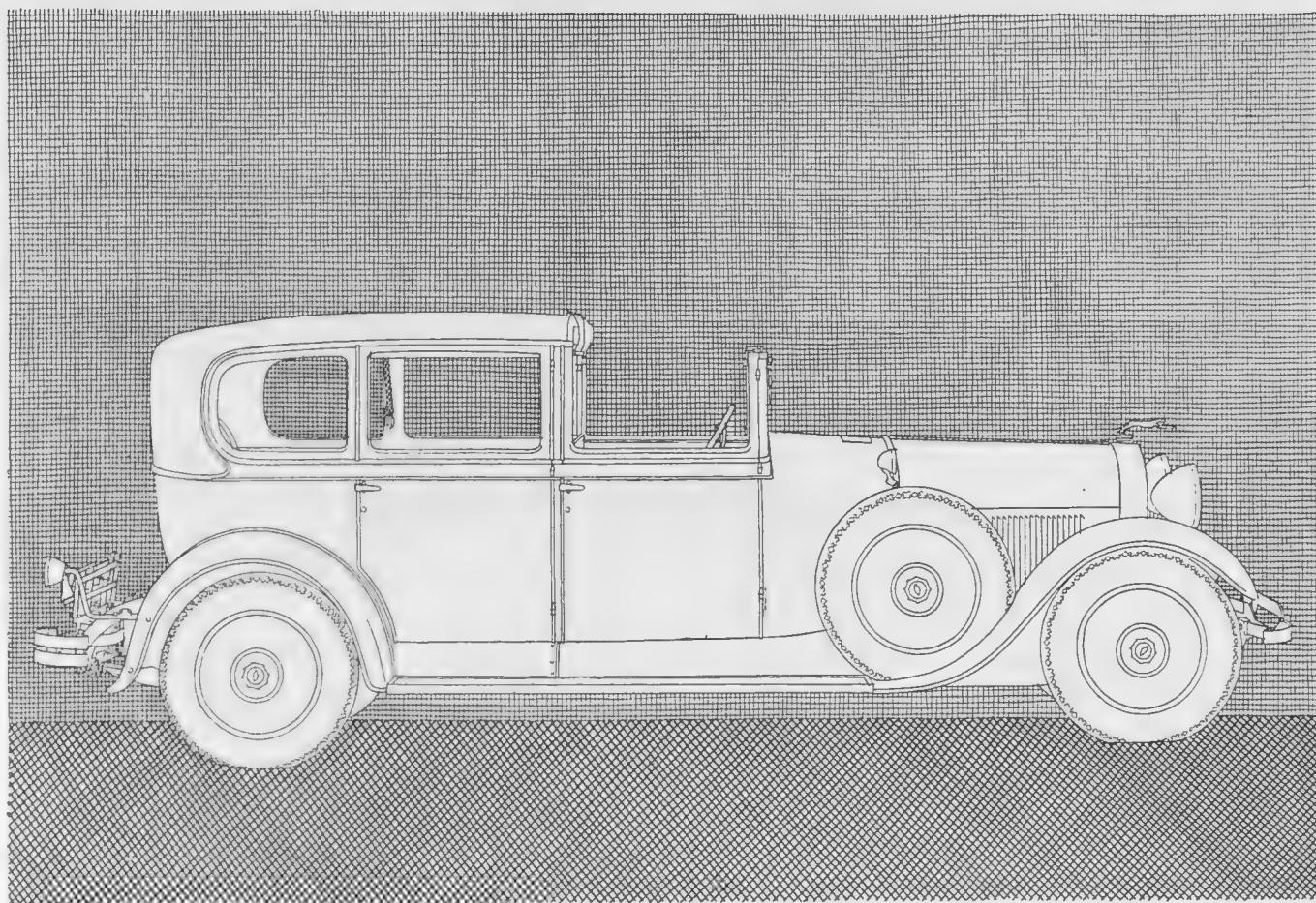
H.E. LORD TYRRELL AND HIS DAUGHTER,
MRS. ADRIAN HOLMAN

At Longchamps on the day the Grand Prix was run, and none of the English competitors were placed. Lord Tyrrell was appointed British Ambassador to Paris in 1928



"Ikey, could you float alone?"
"My vord, Cohen—vot a time to talk Business"

LUXURIOUS PERFORMANCE



THE BARKER PULLMAN LIMOUSINE DE VILLE

DIGNITY AND BEAUTY

It is hard to say what most delights that ever growing number of Lincoln owners throughout the world . . . Is it the knowledge that in no other product such strict creative standards are observed? . . . Is it the feeling of pride that so many gallant craftsmen achieve here a new and unheard of excellence? . . . Is it enjoyment of Lincoln's timeless style that never grows old? . . . Is it the thrill that comes from Lincoln's complete mastery of all gradients and all distances? . . . Or, do Lincoln owners enjoy most the sense of luxury fulfilment that goes even beyond bodily

comfort, that attains complete mental confidence and assurance? . . . This much is known. The combination of all that is Lincoln, the endless variety of Lincoln enjoyments put together brings a completely new motoring consciousness to Lincoln owners and passengers . . . See Lincoln body styles built by Lincoln's own craftsmen — also creations by the leading coach builders of the world, designed to dwell in distinguished harmony with this, as fine a motor car as it is possible to produce. Lincoln Division, Ford Motor Company Limited, 88 Regent Street, London, W.1 . . .

THE LINCOLN



Left to right: Miss Enid Wilson, Mrs. Atherton, and Miss Molly Gourlay, who each achieved a win at the 17th in the singles of the Ladies v. Men match at Stoke Poges. Their respective opponents were Major Hezlet, Mr. Evans, and Mr. W. L. Hartley

EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

READERS must forgive it if the wording of this page is a little mixed. I have a horrible feeling that unless great care is exercised I shall describe "the turn" as "rounding the mark," shall state that somebody "put about" when I mean that they had to play backwards out of a bunker, that such strange, delicious words as spinnaker and for'sail and flying jib will appear. But what can you do after following the yacht racing on the Clyde, when you have thrilled over the fortunes of *Shanrock* and *Lulworth* and the rest of them as ardently as over Miss Fishwick, Miss Collett, or anybody else? And were not other golfers to be found doing the same the other day, Mrs. George Coats, the West of Scotland champion, lamenting that she was not actually aboard one of the big boats, as she had been on *Britannia* for one of her famous victories, or Mrs. Eckford Wallace, the Midlothian golfer, whose personal yachting experiences seemed to be somewhat damp ones. So a smattering of golf crept into the chat in amongst the racing, particularly of Mrs. Andrew Holm's glorious 76 which won the scratch medal round Troon Bentinck the other day, par being 80. But there, we must leave water and come to earth, with a horrid bump moreover, recording how the men beat the ladies at Stoke Poges by five to one in the morning foursome, and nine to three in the afternoon singles.

Of course the ladies were only getting a third given them instead of the customary half, but the ground was running tremendously so that the ladies could get up in two—the old plaint used to be that Stoke's cross bunkering was fatal to the ladies, but that argument held no water this year. But the victory was overwhelming, such a debacle that it seems idle to sit down and weep over it. Let the whole sad subject be forgotten hastily. The solitary couple to win in the foursomes was Mrs. Walter Payne and Miss Joy Winn, who by dint of inspired putting (a truly feminine weapon) beat Mr. A. J. Evans and Mr. D. B. Anderson 4 and 3. In the singles Miss Gourlay, Miss Enid Wilson, and Mrs. Atherton each managed to win on the 17th, against respectively Mr. W. L. Hartley, Major Hezlet, and Mr. Evans. The teams were led by our new open champion, Miss Diana Fishwick, and Mr. Rex Hartley, the latter beating Miss Fishwick 4 and 3 in the singles, and in partnership with Mr. Oppenheimer accounting for that excellent combination, Miss Fishwick and Miss Wanda Morgan 3 and 2 in the foursomes.

ENTRANCE FORMS for the Girls' Championship and the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton will be found in the July issue of "Britannia and Eve"

Lancashire's Northern District meeting, which was at Barrow-in-Furness, was an excellent venture well worth the making. The scratch prize went to Mrs. Aitcheson of Lancaster with 84, the 1st Division handicap to Miss Noble of Knott End, Fleetwood, with 86-6=80. In the 2nd Division Mrs. L. Hardy of Barrow won the scratch prize after a triple tie, and Mrs. L. Charles the handicap with 78 net.

Nobody sees a holder deposed without shedding a tear, more or less silent. Accordingly, whilst according all honour to Cheshire, who have come through the Northern Division, and to Lancashire, who administered the *coup de grace* to Yorkshire, tears must water the grave of the White Roses. Lancashire had, indeed, nothing to gain but honour and glory by the time they met Yorkshire, having themselves taken two defeats from Cheshire earlier in the season; Cheshire and Yorkshire were both unbeaten when they met at Sandiway for their two encounters. Cheshire got home by the odd match, though only after some rare struggles;

their Mrs. Clement in the second match, for example, having to take six holes in three under fours to convert a deficit of two against Miss Judith Fowler into a win by 4 and 3. Mrs. Raymond, the Cheshire champion, looked as if she would do likewise against Miss Wragg, for she squared the match by almost as fine figures after being four down at the 11th. But Miss Wragg had not lost those holes, Mrs. Cooper had won them—quite a different story—and Miss Wragg, continuing on



Personalities in the Principality: Miss Cunningham, Hon. Secretary of the Welsh L.G.U., with Mrs. Ashton Smalley, runner-up in the Welsh Championship of 1925.

So here was the tug of war. Cheshire and Yorkshire each with one beating, and Lancashire to meet at Hesketh.

Yorkshire came through the morning with flying colours, five to two, Miss Platts and Lady Alness the only losers, Miss Wragg accounting by 3 and 2 for Miss Elsie Corlett. But in the afternoon Lancashire turned the tables by the odd match, for Miss Corlett won on the last green; so did Mrs. Soulby, the Lancashire champion, who played third from Miss Fowler; so did Mrs. Walker from Miss Worsley; whilst Mrs. Hardman got home only a green earlier from Miss Rudgard. A near thing, certainly, but sufficient.

Wash your face

with LUXURIA

every morning

and evening.

it cleanses

and nourishes

and whitens

your skin!



The caressing coolness of Luxuria melts deep into the pores of the skin at a touch of your finger. Loosening tiny buried grains of dust and grime that do more to spoil the clear whiteness of your skin than all the honest surface dirt. Yet Luxuria does more than cleanse. In its melting softness there are wonderful ingredients that feed the tissues—precious oils that keep the skin soft and fresh and youthful. Luxuria can be obtained at all good Department Stores, Chemists and Hair-dressers from 2/3 to 11/9.

Write to Sefton-Dodge Ltd 150 Regent Street, London W1 for our attractive free Booklet called "All for Beauty" which tells you about the wonderful Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations.

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WEIRD STORIES

THE SANDALS.

It was in the Punjab, where strange things are supposed to happen. Not that it has been my experience that they occur there more often than they do in South Kensington. Indeed I cannot recall anything else of the kind coming to my notice in the Land of the Five Rivers.

I was about eighteen at the time, and had been out riding. Galloping ahead, I left my shikari far behind, and before I realized that I had quite missed my way I found myself in a countryside with which, to say the least, I was unfamiliar. From the bright, flat plain, I entered a marshy district most unhealthy in appearance but of peculiar and mystical loveliness. It was almost entirely treeless, and of a softly vague green colouring, owing possibly to the exhalations of mist which arose in a constant steam from the boggy soil. Overwhelmed as I was by the beauty of the scene, I was nervous of its miasmatic appearance, and dreading an attack of malaria, was going to turn my pony's head, when I observed about a mile away a small temple the like of which I had never seen. It was square in shape, and brown, evidently with age, and if it had ever been whitewashed, as many shrines are in the Punjab, it showed no signs of it.

I was on the point of shaking up my horse and making for it out of sheer curiosity, when up came my shikari, consternation on every line of his usually expressionless face.

"Pray advance no farther, sahib," he cried. "This place is bad—very bad. I have often heard it spoken of as the home of afrits. Besides it is more than time that we were getting home."

"Nonsense," I said, "that looks a most interesting temple over there, and I'm going to have a look at it. Come on."

But budge he would not, so whipping up my pony, I rode forward alone. A few minutes' trotting over the firmer ground brought me to the shrine, and this I now saw must be very ancient indeed. It was built of brown stone which must have been brought from a very considerable distance, as there are no quarries of that particular kind of stone in the district, and this alone struck me as peculiar. The roof still remained, but in such a dilapidated condition that I was puzzled to account for its keeping in place.

I entered, and was surprised to find that the shrine was evidently inhabited. There were not many signs of occupancy, but a sense of personality, powerful, almost dominating, seemed to hang about the little chamber. In one corner was a low bed of rushes, in another a small carpet, or rather a large mat, a little jar of fresh oil, and another of rice. But what attracted me most was the sight of a pair of sandals hanging from a rusty nail on the wall.

Now, as anyone who knows the Punjab will be aware, sandals have long since ceased to be worn in that part of India. That they were very old I could see at a glance, and their workmanship, inlaid as they were with faint enamelling in red and blue, struck me as extremely curious. Without giving a thought to the laws of *meum* and *tuum*, I took them from the wall and thrust them into the hip pocket of my riding-breeches, leaving a couple of rupees on the carpet as what I considered a fair bazaar price for them.

When I got home that night I placed them in the drawer of a bureau in my bedroom, turned in, and was soon asleep. It must have been about two in the morning that I was awakened by a peculiar noise in the room. I sat up in bed, thinking that perhaps a rat was making free of my apartment, for the noise distinctly resembled the scraping and scratching of a rodent, but though I fumbled for a box of matches, these were not in their usual place.

Not even the pluckiest man cares to search for a rat in the dark, so I lay in bed listening. The sound seemed to come from the direction of the bureau, and grew more and more insistent. At last it became so violent that I felt sure it could not be made by a rat, and concluding that a thief had made his way into my room, I was about to gather up the sheets and rush for him in an effort to throw them over his head, when, with a crack like a pistol, the drawer containing the sandals, and which I had locked, seemed to burst open.

At the same moment I found the matches and struck a light. To my amazement, I was absolutely alone in the room. Jumping out of bed and making for the bureau, I saw that the drawer in which the sandals had lain was open and entirely empty, the lock shattered and destroyed. But while I stared at it absolutely nonplussed, I heard the patter as of feet behind me on the matting. I swung round and struck another match. Still nothing was to be seen, but from the other side of the bed the patter continued. Over the wide floor of the room it passed, the handle of the door was turned, the door opened, and I could hear the sound of footsteps passing down the stairs. I followed, lighted lucifer in hand, and stood listening till they died away somewhere in the lower regions. I must confess that I would not have followed the sound had I been bribed with the first prize in the Calcutta Sweepstake.

In the morning I had the house searched most carefully, but not a trace of the sandals was to be seen. For some days other and pressing matters claimed my attention, and it was the better part of a week until I could find the time to visit the shrine in the marshes once more. On this occasion I chose the early morning, as being the most probable time to find its occupant at home. But it was empty as before, and not a soul was in sight.

(Continued on p. vi)



THE BURTON HUNT PUPPY SHOW AT RISEHOLME

Howard Barrett

Sir Julien Cahn, who has been Master of the famous Burton (one of the many of which Osbaldeston was Master), and Lady Cahn had a party for the puppy show at the kennels at Riseholme, and some famous Masters and ex-Masters were judging. The names in this group, left to right, are: Seated—Mrs. H. Critchley-Salmonson, Colonel Fitzmaurice, Mrs. Fitzmaurice, Mr. H. F. Compton (formerly Master of New Forest Hounds), Lady Cahn, Captain Jaffrey, M.F.H. (Jt. the Brocklesby), Miss Woolland, M.F.H. (Jt. Craven), Sir Julien Cahn, M.F.H., Mrs. A. Wolfe, Sir Dennis Readett-Bayley, ex-M.F.H. (Staintondale), Mrs. Chapman; standing—Miss Wolfe, Mrs. King, Mrs. Macmillan, Mr. D. Wright, Mrs. Marshall, Captain R. B. Cowley, Mr. Marshall; on the ground—Miss Grant, Mr. Munt, Mr. B. Barden, and Mr. H. Critchley-Salmonson

Hair that has lost its lustre? A skin that is tired and lined? Unsuspected constipation is at its deadly work — sapping your beauty away



Few women realise that constipation is fatal to beauty. The poisons from a clogged food canal are absorbed into the bloodstream and circulated all over the body. Think what this means. Your skin is starved of healthy blood, muddied by poison which should have been dismissed long ago. The tiny muscles of face and neck are weakened. Hair, eyes, voice, and step all lose their vitality. Constipation leads to premature old age.

There is not the slightest excuse for such a condition to-day. The purpose of Eno is not so much to "cure" constipation as to see that your foodways never BECOME congested. Unlike the harsh and dangerous purgatives which are the refuge of the ignorant, the action of Eno's "Fruit Salt" is entirely natural and harmless. Eno ensures punctual and complete elimination and gives your good looks their best protection.

Eno costs 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6. The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



"And the sweet petals of the peerless rose—so fragrant, so divine" were picked and used by Floris for this perfect Red Rose perfume and her satellites

space when packed for travelling; they are destined to be seen in conjunction with white dresses. The summer tweeds are becoming lighter and lighter; in many instances they suggest hopsacs; they are used for suits. Sometimes the coats are long and sometimes short. In the majority of cases the jumpers are of fancy Angora; they harmonize with the predominating shade in the tweed.

* * * *

Sunshades Made from Bamboos.

Among the novelties in the kingdom of sunshades is one that is made from a bamboo. The bamboo is slit into many pieces and performs the work of ribs; ribs are outside instead of inside the covers, so that when the sunshades are closed they look like gourds. The covers are usually of a very thin semi-transparent silk decorated with painting; in shape they are like the Japanese; naturally they are more expensive—about 30s. Guests at lunches and dinners have recently been surprised to see several books placed in an upright position on the tables; their first impression was that they were flasks containing a unique cocktail; they may or may not have been disappointed to find that they were cigarette-lighters; when the backs fell apart the lighter appeared all ready for use. They may be seen at Asprey's.

There is much to please in these frocks and bathing suit from Mary Peel's. The white organdi one is spotted and smocked with blue, the cotton one is printed, and the bathing suit is partnered with a travelling wrap. (See p. ii)

Fashion for the Country.

FASHIONS for the country are of a totally different genre to those that have been seen at the recent modish functions. Generally speaking dresses come just below the knees, and the entire scheme is as simple as it can be. The fashions that were seen at Ascot cannot be taken as any criterion regarding the direction of the modistic wind; far more authoritative are those that will be seen at Deauville and Biarritz. Perfectly delightful are the ensembles carried out in a light-weight cretonne or printed voile; they consist of simple dresses and three-quarter coats. Then there are the coats made of printed Shantung showing Japanese and Hungarian designs; they are wonderfully light in weight and occupy no

Fashions in Perfume.

A few decades ago perfume was always spoken of as scent and was very simple; the modern perfume is totally different and it may contain as many as 200 ingredients, although to the casual observer's olfactory organs there is only a single fragrance, so subtly are they blended. Fashion has always something to say about perfume, and with the return of the longer skirts and other feminine touches in the world of dress, floral perfumes have come into their own, although they are not nearly as unsophisticated as they were in Queen Alexandra's day, whose favourite scent was rose. Floris, 89, Jermyn Street, has over a score from which a selection may be made; many of them are from 6s. 6d. a bottle; full particulars will be found in the brochure sent gratis and post free.

There is the Honeysuckle; it is absolutely true to nature, so much so that should a little be sprinkled on the window-sill at night, when the window is flung open in the morning the fragrance is there and a spray of honeysuckle is sought.

The Call of the Red Rose.

Roses are in bloom but none are endowed with a more exquisite fragrance than Floris' Red Rose perfume; it possesses a unique attribute, and that is it is adaptable, that is to say that it associates itself with its environment and thereby expresses the individuality of the user; this is rather difficult to explain in words, but all who visit Floris' establishment and are sprayed with it will appreciate just what is meant. There is Bathofloris as well as all other accessories of the toilette endowed with the same elusive fragrance.

(Continued on p. ii)



Glorious Golden Sun-Tan without the risk of Sun-Burn

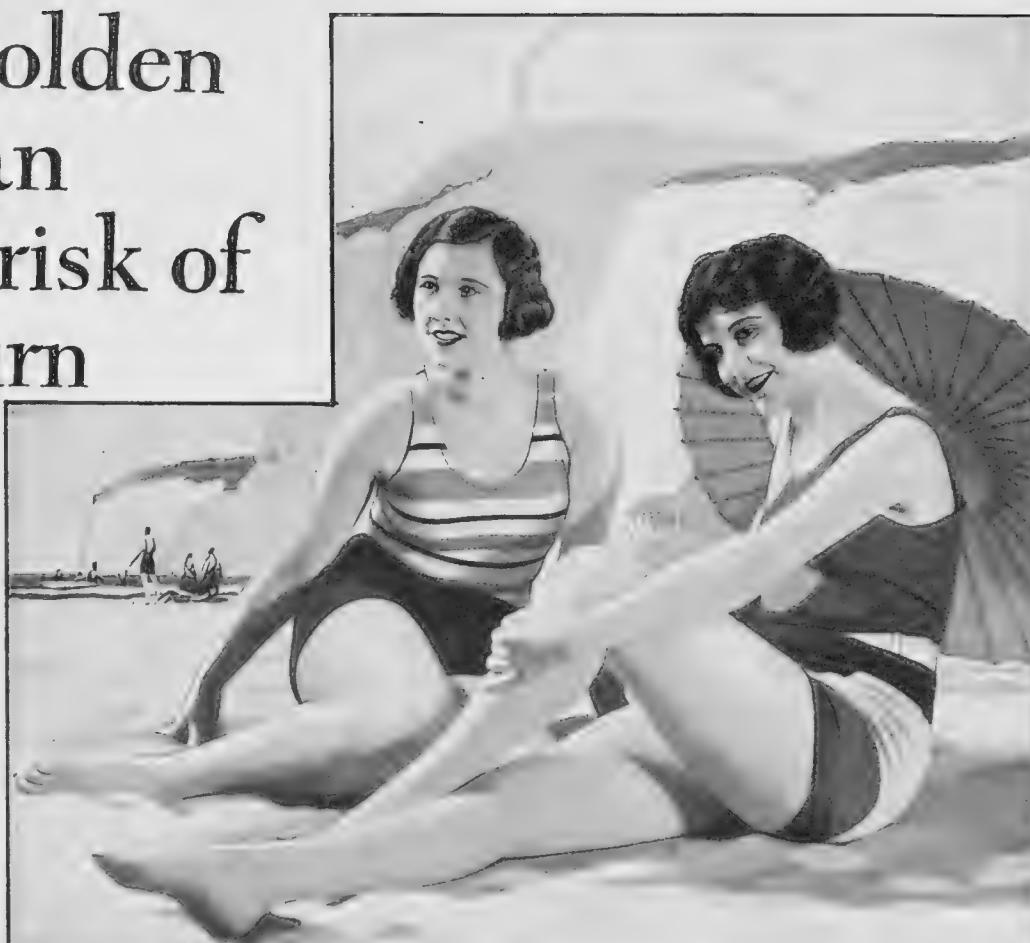
FASHION is kind this year. She encourages her devotees to wear the glorious, golden-bronze colouring of the sun-worshipper. You are free to revel in the luxurious, health-giving warmth without a single qualm, now that the fear of sun-burn has been removed.

Protection from sun-burn

It is perfectly true that *Pond's Cold Cream* will protect even the most delicate skin from the effects of exposure to the sun's too ardent caresses. Applied before you go out, it sinks at once into the skin, supplementing the natural oils which prevent the skin from becoming dried up and inflamed. In this way the skin is prepared to withstand the hottest sunshine without harm.

For cleansing, too

When you return to your room, you will find a second application of *Pond's*



Cold Cream very cooling. Allow it to remain in the skin for a minute or two, while its pure oils dissolve and ease to the surface the tiny accumulations of impurity which gather in the pores beyond the reach of soap and water. Then take *Pond's Cleansing Tissues* and wipe away the soiled cream and impurities. You will find that this leaves your skin delightfully smooth, soft, and clear. Carried out regularly at night and as often as necessary during the day, it encourages the skin to grow fine and free from blemish.

An ideal skin-food

If your skin is inclined to be dry, leave the cream on all night. It is an excellent food for the skin, nourishing it, helping it to retain the youthful contours and texture, and discouraging the formation of lines and wrinkles. After a day-time cleansing, you will find a splash of *Pond's Skin Freshener* very refreshing. It braces the skin and closes the pores, removing every trace of oiliness and bringing a glow of natural colour to the cheek.



And a finishing cream

After each day-time cleansing, and, in fact, whenever you wish to look your best, the merest trace of *Pond's Vanishing Cream* gives the final exquisite touch which marks your toilet as perfect. It gives the skin a most attractive bloom and forms an ideal base for your powder.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

Please send me sample tubes of *Pond's Cold Cream* and *Pond's Vanishing Cream*. Enclose 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing.

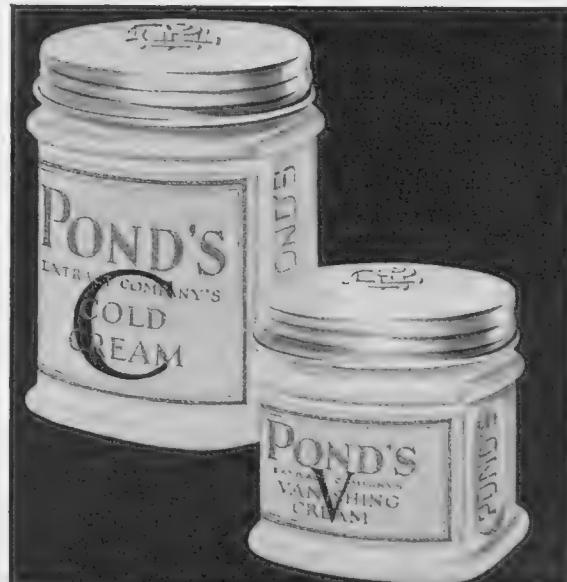
Name _____

Address _____

Post to POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 575).
103 St. John Street, E.C.1.

POND'S

Vanishing and Cold Creams



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION--continued

Outfits for Children.

Mary Peel, 21, Princes Street, Oxford Circus, specializes in fashions for children, and a thing that will appeal to all mothers is that they are as simple as they are inexpensive. To her must be given the credit of the frocks and bathing-suit illustrated on p. 92. There is the frock of printed cotton with plain hems for 22s. 6d. the 28-in. size; the hat is made of the same material. The white organdi dress is spotted with blue, with smocking to match; 20 in., it is 16s. 11d. The green bathing-suit with black and white stripe on one side is 4s. 11d., 20 in., while the towelling bathing-wrap is 3s. 9d. and 5s. 6d. according to size. If desired it may fulfil the mission of a towel. There are crash overalls with knickers for 5s. 6d. and gingham dresses from 14s. 6d., knickers to match being from 3s. 11d. All interested in fashions for children must write for the illustrated catalogue; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

No Fastenings.

There is one thing that all women appreciate and that is a dress that is innocent of all complicated fastenings, and this is the salient feature of the Eciruum frocks which may be seen in this firm's artistic salons, 5, Stratford Place, Oxford Street, W. They are arranged with a cross-over effect, and in a variety of materials are from 4½ guineas. Illustrations of the same together with patterns of materials, will be sent gratis and post free. It is not only in these gowns that this firm excels, but in ensembles and in day and evening gowns. They are responsible for the short evening wrap illustrated on p. 92, and although it is carried out in brocade and trimmed with fur it is only 10 guineas. There are other evening wraps of chiffon velvet lined with crêpe de chine and enriched with fur to tone for 9½ guineas.

The Art of the Tailored.

Nowhere is the art of the tailor better understood than at Aquascutum's, 100, Regent Street, W.; they are responsible for the wrap-coat portrayed. It is carried out in Scotch diagonal tweed. Attention must be drawn to the clever manner in which the stripes are arranged and to the fact that the belt appears at the sides only and is cut in one with the coat; the entire scheme is trimmed with fur. In this variable climate of ours a practical waterproof is of importance; therefore it must be mentioned that this firm excel in the same. They are carried out in Trench coatings, and are available for 3½ guineas. Again, there are the famous reversible travelling coats of tweed and camel-hair. It seems almost unnecessary to add that there are coats and skirts for town and country wear.

Annual Festival Sale.

The annual festival sale is in progress in the Saxone Salons, Regent Street, W. Among the many notable attractions are the blue glacé shoes, Court and bar shape, for 15s.; brown willow and buckskin shoes are the same price, and so are the black calf and white buckskin. Oddments in brocade shoes are 10s. and 15s. a pair. Pure silk stockings, 45-gauge, are 4s. 11d. per pair; they have the new durable foot splicing with pointed heels.

No Catalogue.

Peter Robinson's (Oxford Street, W.) sale does not begin until July 14, and is for two weeks only. No catalogue is issued in connection with the event, as the goods are only marked down a few days prior to the sale. The reduction in prices applies to the men's and boys' clothing in the eastern building as well as to everything in the main building. This

week, before the commencement of the sale, a very special offer is being made, and that is that a number of printed crêpe de chine afternoon frocks and two-piece ensembles are being offered at makers' prices and range in price from £5 to £8 8s.

The Last Week.

This is the last week of the London Shoe Company's sale at the Regent Street and Sloane Street branches. It is no exaggeration to state that every pair of shoes is a really wonderful bargain. All shoes are from the regular stock and of the well-known London Shoe Company quality and excellence.

Special Bargains.

There are very special bargains to be found at Swan and Edgar's (Piccadilly, W.) sale; even a casual glance through the catalogue will convince all and sundry of this fact. There are natural straw garden hats trimmed with bright-coloured rafia in floral designs for 6s. 6d., linen braid hats being the same price. Unlined coats in artificial crêpe with strappings of self-material which have a slenderizing effect are 98s. 6d., while practical frocks in artificial crêpe are the same price; they are cut on the new princess lines and are finished with collars, cuffs, and jabots decorated with stitching. Incredible as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact, that non-ladder lock-knit pyjamas well cut and finished are 10s.; and there are just a few of artificial tricot silk for 5s.

Reductions in Every Department.

There are genuine reductions in every department at Gorringe's (in the Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.) sale; all who want to get the very pick of the bargains must carefully study the catalogue before paying a visit. It will be sent gratis and post free. Included in it are fancy lace straw hats trimmed with ribbon for 10s. 9d., and there are shady affairs of fancy pedal straw for 12s. 9d.

Furthermore there are a limited number of printed crêpe and chiffon gowns for 63s., usual price 5 guineas. Tweed coats for holiday wear, lined throughout, are 49s. 6d.; and there are others made of suiting for 37s. 6d. Drastic reductions have been made in the prices of children's garments; this sale offers a splendid opportunity of equipping the school boy and girl for the autumn term for a very modest outlay.

The Line of the Head Preserved.

E mile, 24, Conduit Street, W., are warmly to be congratulated on their brochure; the illustrations show the newest ways of dressing the hair; while the letter-press is written in a remarkably straightforward manner. It seems almost unnecessary to add that this firm excel in water-waving, permanent-waving, and tinting as well as postiches and beauty treatments. In some of the models the fine curved waves terminate in well-formed curls, the lines of the head being cleverly preserved. Sometimes bunched curls at the back as well as brow curls are present. In the beauty salons several masks are given.



FASHIONABLE COAT

Designed and carried out by Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, W., in Scotch tweed. It is trimmed with fur, the belt is cut in one with the coat and is not a separate affair

3

HALVES OF A WHOLE SMILE!

- half a tumbler of water
- half a teaspoon of Milton
- half hour while you dress

will kill every germ and thoroughly clean your false teeth — keeping your mouth healthy and fresh, your smile attractive and brilliant all through the day. Milton cannot possibly injure the most delicate dental plate.



MILTON CLEANS FALSE TEETH

Switzerland

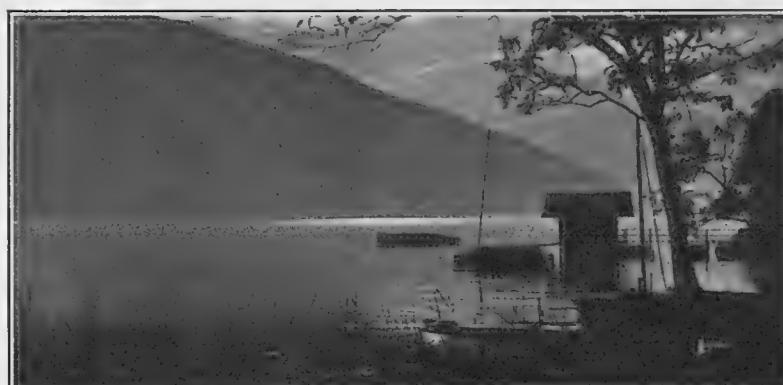


THE TENNIS COURTS, FLIMS

Switzerland as a winter resort has never needed any advertisement, but a good many people are undoubtedly under the impression that as soon as the snow goes, and skiing and lugeing and so forth are no longer possible, its fascinations vanish. This is very far from being the fact, for Switzerland, especially in a mountain paradise like Flims (3,500 ft.), with its sheltered Lake Cauma and its many other amenities, is a land of enchantment. At Flims, where some of these pictures were taken, in addition



ON THE LUCERNE LIDO



SUNSET ON THE LAKE, SPIEZ

in Summer



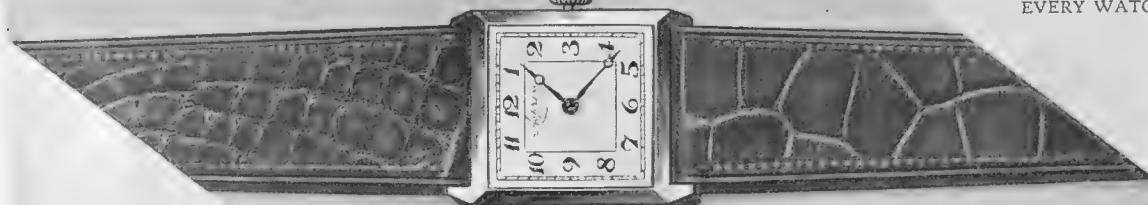
ON THE SPIEZ BEACH

to the excellent bathing—sun and otherwise—there is a good golf course, ditto tennis courts, and as a starting point for many delightful excursions it cannot have many rivals. Lucerne, with its Lido, and beautiful Spiez also claim the close attention of the tourist, and as these illustrations show, can claim to be very like some of the most famous bathing spots in other parts of the world.

FOUR POPULAR MODELS.

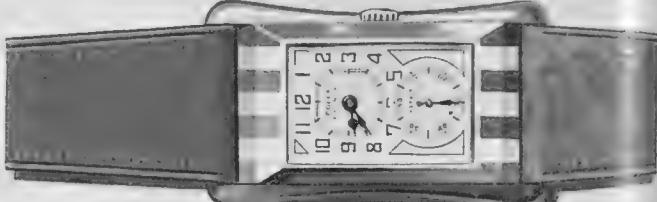


9 ct. Gold, 9 . 10 . 0 18 ct. Gold, 13 . 10 . 0

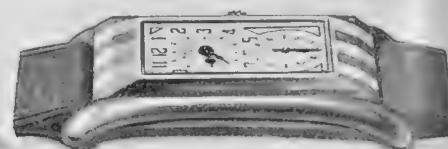


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THE ROLEX PRINCE.



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Fits the Wrist comfortably.

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Silver	8 . 8 . 0

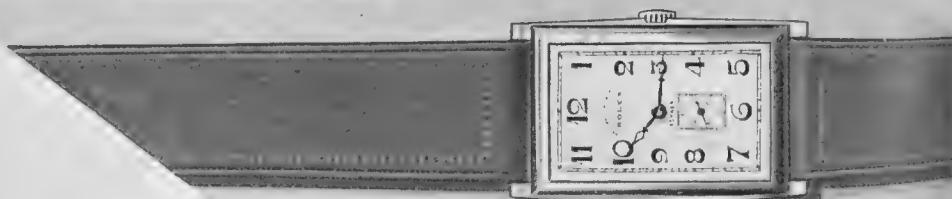
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precision watches
hold 25 world records
for accuracy

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18 ct. Gold (white and yellow), with certificate, 18 . 15 . 0

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Famous all over the world for originality of ideas in scientific knowledge, Eleanor Adair now presents a marvellous cure for tired eyes, and one in which she alone specializes.

In this treatment the muscles of the eyes are toned and strengthened by soothing massage. Hot bandalettes which contain fine herbs gathered from the East are applied; while these are still moist with special lotion, a new process is applied which penetrates and stimulates with magic healing effect. Expert assistants for this "Special Treatment" are now in daily attendance at 30, Old Bond Street.

EASTERN MUSCLE OIL.
There is no other preparation like this wonderful Muscle Oil to strengthen the exhausted tissues, round out furrowed cheeks, smooth and invigorate sagging muscles of the face and neck. 5/6, 10/6, 21/6

DIABLE SKIN TONIC.
Tones and strengthens the skin, contracts the pores, and ensures a complexion of finest texture. 5/6, 7/6, 10/6, and 21/6



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Weird Stories—continued

for miles. My two rupees still lay on the carpet, and on the nail on the wall hung the pair of sandals. This time I did not remove them.

That is all—and quite enough too, I think I can hear someone say. Well, you have only my bare word for it, but I have given merely a bald account of the queerest thing which ever happened to me in a life not devoid of unusual occurrences.

I. A. S.

A WAR EXPERIENCE

The following is a personal experience that occurred during the War. It was Christmas morning, in the year 1915, in a large Military Hospital, where I was nursing. Everyone was extra busy and a general air of Christmas bustle pervaded everywhere. Finishing touches were being put to the decorations, and all those who could do so were lending a hand with a hearty good will; and all seemed to have a cheery Xmas spirit about them.

So it was with some surprise that I noticed a patient, an Australian, who was up and about, looking very miserable and forlorn sitting all alone in the bathroom. I asked what the trouble was, and he replied he hated Xmas and all connections with it, and wished he was back at the front, and could get killed right away.

He had a bad stammer, and it took quite a time to get him to say what had upset him to such an extent, as he had previously been happy enough.

As I stated before, I was very busy at the time, and could hardly spare the precious moments talking.

But I felt rather worried leaving him alone in that mood. However, eventually I persuaded him to tell me all about it. It appears that he had received news from home concerning his young wife, and that beyond all doubt she had proved herself unfaithful to him while he was away.

I was at a loss for anything cheery to say to that. But I tried to get him to go in the ward amongst the others and get something to do.

My duties kept me too busy to do more than pop my head in the bathroom, with a word or two, and a little time after he appeared in the ward, and I did my best to keep him occupied.

For the rest of the time he was with us I did what I could to keep him from brooding too much over his trouble.

Early in the New Year he was marked fit again for the front.

On the day he left he asked me to promise to write him a few lines when I could spare the time, as it would cheer him up. So I promised, as I felt I couldn't refuse. He also said he would let me know if anything happened to him.

I received fairly cheerful replies to the occasional letters I sent. About a year afterwards I was on night duty in another ward, engaged in taking the temperatures at 10 p.m. I was by the bedside of a patient near to the entrance of the ward, with a small lamp beside me. So you can understand that the other end where the lavatories and bathroom were appeared very dark. Something impelled me to look up from my watch that I held in my hand toward the extreme end of the ward. Then I received a shock. My face went very cold, and my hair seemed to lift off my head. For out of the darkness appeared a very white face, looking steadily at me. It was only there a moment, and then it disappeared, but I had recognized the features of the Australian patient of a year ago.

When I had pulled myself together I remembered he had told me that if anything happened to him he would let me know.

I had always been rather sceptical regarding such matters, but it was no surprise to me when my last letter that I had written him was returned to me, and across the envelope was "Killed in Action," the date corresponding to that on which he appeared to me, out of the darkness.

C. K.

Priscilla in Paris—continued

other danseuse in the world, alone on the stage as she is, could hold an audience enthralled the whole evening through. After her last dance people stayed on and recalled her again and again until the lights were lowered and they had to leave in the darkness.

What a week this has been, Très Cher. *Concours d'élegance* every morning, racing every afternoon, parties every evening and half the night. The Grande Nuit de Paris, which took the place of the Grand Prix Ball this year, and was held at the Théâtre Pigalle (at which Argentina also danced, her accompaniment being played by Cortot himself) was a very successful affair. Yvette Guilbert sang some of her old songs dressed in the costume that she wore some thirty years ago when she was at the height of her fame as a singer of "naughty" ditties at the Ambassadeurs. All the world was there, from H.R.H. Princess Philippe de Bourbon des Deux-Siciles to the prettiest mannequin from X's. Charity again got a large slice of cake. The theatrical swimming fête also provided for theatrical good works by drawing a big crowd to the Molitor swimming pool at Auteuil to see an amusing entertainment over which the Maharajah of Kapurthala and André de Fouquières presided. . . . The actor's "Home" will not lack funds this winter. Love, Très Cher.—P.

THE CONGENIAL HOURS



In the congenial hours, shared with congenial company, Schweppes Soda Water is the irreproachable standard of hospitality for people of cultured taste. Its purity is guaranteed; its quality is famous, and its sparkling liveliness imparts to any suitable refreshment the last touch of character and perfection.

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THE ORIGINAL
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Also order SCHWEPPES CIDER—GINGER ALE—GINGER BEER—TONIC WATER—LEMON SQUASH—ORANGE SQUASH—ETC.



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Smart, slenderizing lines, perfect fit and complete swimming freedom...these distinguish the Jantzen swimming suit. Extremely elastic, the Jantzen gives you greatest ease in swimming. Due to the magic of Jantzen-stitch, it has permanent elasticity...never sags or stretches out of shape.

A Jantzen fits you smoothly, snugly, comfortably ALWAYS—on shore or in swimming. Only the strongest, long-fibre wool is used—keeping you warm, drying quickly. You'll like the new Jantzen colors—smart, alluring, fashionable.

Models for men, women and children at leading shops. LOOK FOR THE RED DIVING GIRL EMBLEM ON THE SKIRT OR LABEL. Your weight determines your size. Ask your merchant for free Jantzen Color Guide or write Jantzen Knitting Mills, Walmar House, 296 Regent Street, London, W. 1, England.

Jantzen
The suit that changed
bathing to swimming

Pictures in the Fire—continued

asked for it, and I disapprove very strongly of many things that have happened; but at the same time I disapprove of an anti-stag-hunting Bill because I know that would mean far greater suffering. Plenty of reasons why were given in a recent article. I submit they were completely convincing. The methods of despatching a stag run into by hounds are being altered and these things will not happen again. With a fox the end is sudden, just as sudden as the death of an earwig on which the humane person puts his or her foot.

* * *

A passage from a book, "My Life as Soldier and Sportsman," written by an old and valued friend of mine—now, alas, in the happy hunting grounds—Major Jack Robson Scott, who used to be in the 3rd Hussars, may be worth the while of some people to read. It is this one:

"There are plenty of faddists in this world who condemn as cruel all forms of sport, especially when dogs or hounds are employed. These folks merely parade their ignorance of Nature. According to my views the laws of Nature are remorseless in their process. Cruelty is a difficult word to define because if there is cruelty in one animal hunting and destroying another, then all Nature is cruel. So that those who condemn sport where dogs or hounds are used condemn the laws of Nature under which we all live. Nature gives the lead in this cruelty. There are no living animals on earth that do not destroy life to supply their own. When young, immature things meet with an untimely end the psychic and physical development is so undefined that probably neither pain nor the fear of death is strongly felt. In death they really suffer very little. Then again, mature animals that are hunted till they are so fatigued they can go no farther feel little or no pain when caught and killed, because the extra rate of breathing gives the blood a preponderance of oxygen and acts somewhat after the style of laughing gas. A mild form of asphyxiation takes place by which the senses are dulled to an appreciable extent. Any one who has received a severe blow when the blood is circulating freely has noticed that the pain following the blow is considerably less than it would be were it received in cold blood. Thus it follows that whether Nature has arranged that such should be the case, to lessen the pain and fear of destruction, or merely that it is a physiological accident, the effects are the same."

To bring this down a bit nearer home, is there any fellow, who reads this, who can honestly say that when he has broken a bone in the heat of any kind of tow-row or tussle he may favour, and he has, as poor Robson Scott said, a fast circulation, or as he puts it, his blood is up, has felt any pain at all at the actual time it happens? If there is his experience differs from mine, which I claim is rather wide. It is afterwards, when you get cold, jolt homeward in a motor, probably with a cap in your armpit and a stirrup-leather buckled round you, and hang on with the other hand at the pot-holes, that it gives you any kind of hell. At the actual moment, however, bar that you know something has happened which is a nuisance, you do not feel any actual pain. I except a leg and ribs. A partially dislocated neck which I happen to have did not hurt at the time it was done, but it hurts now quite often if I look sideways too suddenly. Violent death, I am certain, is too quick for pain.



W. A. Rouche

MISS BERYL POWNEY AND "BROWN MOUSE"
Who by their combined action won the Epsom Trophy at Olympia for the champion riding pony ridden by a child. Probably Brigadier-General Le Marchant's "Pony Club" had a bit to do with this. It is a most excellent institution for the instruction of the young



Other "4711" Toiletries that serve Beauty's needs on all occasions

VANISHING CREAM
Perfumed with "4711."
Obtainable in pots 2/-
and in tubes 1/- each.

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Perfumed with "4711."
In all fashionable
shades. 1/3 per box.

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Perfumed with Attar
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TOILET SOAP
Pure and super-fatted.
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2/- per box of 3 tablets.

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"4711," the Eau de Cologne superb, is always in the wake of the woman of culture in her travels in Eastern Lands. Wherever there are shops dedicated to the toilet needs of beautiful women, there, unfailingly, is the famous "4711" with the familiar Blue and Gold Label.

The pleasure of travel and the delights of the daily round are enhanced by the use of "4711" Eau de Cologne. From the morning toilet, through the heat of the day, in moments of fatigue the fascinating "4711" refreshes, revives and stimulates to new vigour.

2/6, 4/9, 8/9, 10/6, 14/-, 15/-,
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You always know
"4711"
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Blue & Gold Label.



4711 Eau de Cologne

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HIGH GRADE WATERPROOFS



MODEL No. 175

DELA has transformed the ordinary waterproof coat from a dowdy garment into the very essence of the smartest modern fashion. Delaproofs combine waterproof efficiency with fashionable style. Mere words cannot convey the smartness of their appearance—you must see them to realise the value they offer.

THE DELA MODEL illustrated here is a delightful example of the fact that a waterproof can be *smart* as well as practical. It is fashionably cut and obtainable in a wide range of colours. This model is one of a very extensive range.

In the famous Delasilk

Price 69'9

Other Models in Delasilk from 45/11

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Obtainable from all leading Fashion Houses and Stores. We also invite you to write for our complete illustrated catalogue showing range of Dela Models including Silk Waterproofs, Suede and Leather coats and costumes. Post free on request from:—

DELA (Dept. 1)
(Wholesale only)

55/57, Gt. Marlborough St., London, W.1.

Polo Notes—continued

International stud which is nearer 15'3 than 15'1! Height is sometimes very deceptive unless you go and stand close up against a horse. I thought a little brown mare in a snaffle bridle which was played by one of the Ashtons in the last chukker looked hardly 14 hands, but I am told she is a full 14'3. She is quality all over and has won races in Australia. I think it would be very difficult to find a better lot than Captain Maurice Kingscote has collected for the International team. Captain George, who, incidentally, has faded away into the mists of Scotland, did not find that they fitted him, which was a pity, for I am still quite certain that our team would have been stronger with him as its No. 1. However, this not now being possible, let us hope that the altered formation may do the trick. The American team will have a bit of a pull in the weights! I think that it is possible that we still lack an International No. 1—at any rate, as our team is in its present formation. In that match played in America on September 8 last year after the American Open between "Ireland" and Meadowbrook our team was this: Mr. Cecil Balding (1), Mr. Gerald Balding (2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (3), and Mr. Aidan Roark (back). That team beat Meadowbrook 18 to 3. Mr. Cecil Balding does not come into the present proposition; so supposing we moved the other three up one and had Mr. Lacey back?

* * *

In the final of the Championship at Hurlingham on June 28 the Goulburn team made a very gallant fight of it and covered itself with further glory by only getting beaten 9 to 7 by The Hurricanes, and after being badly pinned down in the first three chukkers, began to do a bit more than hold its own in the next three. If this had been a handicap they would have been entitled to a 7-goal start. The merit of the performance is undeniable, but the form is a bit discounted by the fact that no one can say definitely how many goals The Hurricanes ought to have hit in those first two chukkers when they had it all to themselves. Some people say that they were five at least shy of what they ought to have collected.

The Hurricanes ought to have hit in those first two chukkers when they had it all to themselves. Some people say that they were five at least shy of what they ought to have collected. They were not themselves, bar Captain Roark, who, as usual, was brilliant. The two forwards, Mr. Sanford and Mr. Gerald Balding, did not combine to say the least of it. Before the ground cut up as it did there was no excuse at all for a lot of things which happened; after it cut up the ball was going anywhere. The Hendon Air Pageant was on, as will be recalled, and I should think that both teams were able to get a good view of any bombing squadrons which came over Hurlingham without taking their eye off the ball. That, I understand, was in fact the opinion of one of the polo game's greatest (but oft-times misunderstood) humorists who also knows a bit about aircraft. The ball was bumping abominably. This is one of the reasons why practice on our English grounds is not a heap of use to teams "going foreign," to America, for instance, and why some of us will be glad when our International team is over there and able to put in some real practice on their fast grounds. We have not had what I should call a really good wicket for International polo this season. The Australian team jointly and severally was overwhelmed with congratulations after the game for the really good show it put up. Its combination was 50 per cent. better than The Hurricanes. I understand our gallant friends are taking America in their stride on their way home but will not be there long enough to have a go for the American Open. Anyway Australia has now found out something she wanted to know; how good her best was against the outside world. Her pinions have been well tested and right manfully have they upheld her.



IN CONVERSATION

Lady Castlerosse and Mr. Aidan Roark at Hurlingham on Champion Cup day. In the last England trial Mr. Roark played No. 1, with Mr. Lacey in his original place of back, and this rearrangement is likely to stand when the team delivers its challenge to America

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CAPTAIN AND MRS. B. C. REYNOLDS

Photographed after their wedding on June 16 at the Guards' Chapel. Captain Reynolds, who was formerly in the Coldstream Guards, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Milward Reynolds of Alveston, near Stratford-on-Avon, and the bride was formerly Miss Olive Mermagen and is the daughter of the Rev. C. F. and Mrs. Mermagen of Thorpe Constantine Rectory, Staffordshire.

Late Summer Weddings.

Mr. Fenwick Luke, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Luke of Halton Priors, Torquay, and Miss Esme

Weddings and Engagements

A French Engagement.

The betrothal is announced from Paris of M. Paul Domange, the son of Mr. and Madame Eugène Domange, and Mlle. Denyse Faul, the daughter of M. and Madame Valentin Faul.

This Month.

On July 23 Mr. Gordon Hugh McMurtie of Dawlish, Devon, is marrying Miss Joan Katherine MacWatters of Almondsbury, Glos, at St. Mary's Church, Almondsbury; the next day Mr. Gerald F. Emmanuel marries Miss Vivian Schofield at St. George's, Hanover Square; and also on the 24th there is the marriage of Mr. Leslie Judd and Miss E. N. D. Crichton, which is also at St. George's, Hanover Square; Captain Victor Cooper (late Ministry of Interior, Iraq) and Miss Winifred Margaret Ley have fixed the 30th for their wedding at Holy Trinity Church, Exmouth.

* * *

Redhead, the daughter of Captain C. M. Redhead, C.B.E., D.S.O., R.N.R. (retired), and Mrs. Redhead of Beckenham, Kent, are being married in September; and in the same month Mr. Edward Thompson, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Thompson of Gatacre Park, Bridgnorth, marries Miss Ann Amphlett, the daughter of the Rev. G. and Mrs. Amphlett of Four Ashes Hall, Stourbridge.

Recently Engaged.

Captain Cyril Griffiths, M.C., late R.F.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Griffiths of Houghton Drive, Johannesburg, South Africa, and Miss Phyllis Salmon, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Salmon of 6, Porchester Terrace, Hyde Park; Mr. George Noel Paxton, the only son of Mr. George Paxton of Braemar House, Teddington, and Miss Grace Evelyn Walduck, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Walduck

of Lower Woodside, Hatfield; Dr. J. H. Francis, the eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. Harvey Francis of Woodthorpe, Nottingham, and Miss Alice Gwynedd Lloyd, the elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Fitzroy Lloyd of Edwinstowe, Notts.



MR. AND MRS. C. A. L. COLLINS

Mabel Robey

Who were married at All Souls, Langham Place, on June 21. The bride was formerly Miss Muriel Eleanor (Brownie) Case, and is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Case of Briarfield, Barrow-in-Furness, and Mr. Chas. A. L. Collins is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Collins of Haling Hyrst, Warham Road, Croydon



MISS MAYCIE GASQUE

Whose marriage takes place to-day (9th) at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Mr. John Roland Robinson, the young English barrister, is the daughter of Mrs. Gasque and the late Mr. Clarence Gasque of The Elms, Hampstead



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Look for the Red Crest



Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

A meeting of the Show Committee was held on June 27, Lady Howe presiding. The appointment of the judges for the Open Show and for the Members' Show to be held on December 4 was proceeded with.

Congratulations to Mrs. Pacey on the great success of her daughter, Miss Peggy Pacey, in the Children's Classes at the recent Horse Show at Olympia. Miss Pacey also won the class for children over ten at our Open Show with a good West Highlander. The classes at the Horse Show for horses and ponies driven by a lady were judged by Lady Howe and Lady Hunloke.

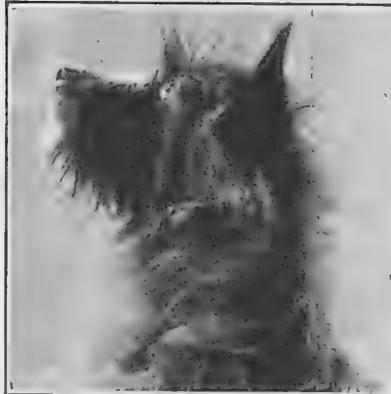
The Cairn Terrier Association's Championship Show takes place on July 9 at the Handel Street Drill Hall. Miss Reoch is one of the judges, and there should be a great gathering of the Cairn clan. Appropriately at this moment, Mrs. Hervey Bathurst sends a photograph of her good young

bitch, Bustle of Tyrconnel. Mrs. Hervey Bathurst lives so far away, in Argyllshire, that it is impossible for her to attend many shows, but Bustle has done well whenever she has had the opportunity. Her greatest exploit was winning two thirds and reserve at the Cairn Terrier Club Show in Glasgow in classes of fifteen, eighteen, and nineteen. Mrs. Hervey Bathurst has some young dogs and bitches, also puppies, for sale, and anyone wanting Cairns from "their native heath" should apply to her. All her dogs are well and carefully bred and lead healthy out-door lives!



COCKER PUPPIES
The property of Miss Cousens

Miss Cousens sends a photograph of some delightful Cocker puppies she wishes to sell reasonably to good homes. They are very well bred and three months old.



BUSTLE OF TYRCONNEL
The property of Mrs. Hervey Bathurst

I need not enlarge on Miss Savile's Japs; they are well known to us all. She has some pups for sale, and sends a snapshot. These pups are descended from Miss Savile's own dogs, and she says "are full of life and spirits." Will anyone interested write direct to Miss Gertrude Savile, Sunncroft, Clint, Ripley, Harrogate?

The advent of the motor-car has changed all our habits including that of the family dog. In former times on the infrequent days when the family went out, the dog was left behind to eat his heart out, and now each week-end foremost in the (probably) over-loaded and over-driven little car is proudly seated the family dog, adding immensely to the pleasures of the outing. There are no breeds so suitable for this purpose as terriers and small spaniels; they can be so easily tucked into vacant spaces, and getting wet and cold doesn't hurt them. Miss Collier writes she has two Scotties for sale, ten months old, just suitable for outings, also a Sealyham; she says the latter should make a unique pet as he is a miniature, most quaint and intelligent. She wishes to sell all these as pets to good homes. Mrs. Gadsden also has some very nice wire fox-terrier pups for sale, very well bred. They can be seen any time by appointment. Mrs. Gadsden lives at Denham.



Miss Collier also writes she will put up one or two ladies with their dogs. This is worth knowing, as when one has a dog it is much nicer to go to a place where he is welcome instead of on sufferance. Miss Collier has no objection to large dogs. She lives at Egham; a very nice part of the world.

All letters to Miss BRUCE,
A Nuthooks, Cadnam,
Southampton.

JAPANESE PUPPIES
The property of Miss Gertrude Savile



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Notes from Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, London, S.W.1, urgently ask your help for a young woman aged twenty-eight. Brought up in sordid surroundings the poor girl was always delicate, and her health eventually broke down through hard work in a factory. Now she is a physical wreck with a weak heart and such bad asthma that she can only speak in gasps. Unfortunately she has no one to really look after her for both parents died two or three years ago, so she lives in the same house with a married sister and pays 3s. 8d. weekly for her room. In spite of being cut off from the pleasures of her own generation she is always cheerful and is neatly dressed, being clever at making her own clothes. The Public Authorities allow her 15s. 6d., but after paying rent, light, fires during the winter, etc., she has not enough to get the dainty and nourishing food she really needs. We are most anxious to collect £10 8s., as this will ensure her good dinners for one year, and we hope that these, combined with rest and care, will go far towards improving her pathetic condition and give her a chance to lead a normal life.

* * *

On Saturday afternoon, July 26, a Garden Fête will be held at The Grange, Whetstone (kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. W. Jelks), in aid of the Finchley Memorial Hospital, which is in difficulties, and the work in connection with the necessary extension has had to be stopped owing to lack of funds. Miss Edna Best has very kindly offered to open the fête, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh will present the prizes. Autori, the famous operatic singer of Covent Garden, who is also the celebrated caricaturist of THE TATLER, has promised to attend and make caricatures to be sold for the benefit of the hospital. The prices of the tickets are 1s., and can be obtained of The Secretary, Appeal Fund, Finchley Memorial Hospital, N.2, and we make a special appeal to our readers to support this most worthy object and thereby enable the hospital committee to carry on the good work.

* * *

At the present time more than 52,000 gallons per day of fresh full-cream milk are being used by Cadburys in the preparation of their milk chocolate. The whole of this milk is drawn from English farms, and Cadburys' milk stations in the heart of the milk country are now working continuously day and night to cope with the supplies from farms. In Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate

only fresh English milk is used, and there is as much as 1½ glasses in every ½-lb. block. From this it will be seen that the chocolate industry is a direct help to British agriculture.

* * *

The mid-June supplement of "His Master's Voice" records is made up of just such entertaining efforts as go to form an ideal programme for a summer evening in the garden or on holiday. They begin with the greatest of all cellists, Pablo Casals, who extends our collection of his recorded triumphs with two richly melodious renderings of Chopin, the "Nocturne in E Flat" and "Prelude in D Flat." A most welcome contribution comes from the Berlin State Opera Orchestra with Mendelssohn's fairy light "Overture" to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and they add a joyous hope-inspiring "Wedding March." The grave and sparklingly gay are blended by the New Light Symphony Orchestra in Herbert's "Irish Rhapsody." Jack Hylton and his Orchestra deal with Chappell's publications. Real artistry is revealed in the creation of "Hello 1930!" played by Marek Weber and his Orchestra. The unlimited beautiful effects obtainable on the cinema organ are again demonstrated by Jesse Crawford with the "Rhapsody in Blue." A highly attractive set of ditties from *Song of My Heart* are supplied by John McCormack. Peter Dawson's newest pair are "The Darlin' Girl from Clare" and "Tis I." Stuart Robertson is nobly virile in that famous fighting song, "My Sword and I," a hit from *The Three Musketeers*, and by way of a contrast he is the perfect lover with "Ma Belle." Paul Robeson's glorious voice in "Exhortation" and "Hail de Crown" expresses negro spirituals as no one else can.

* * *

A booklet describing the new Canadian Pacific Liner the *Empress of Britain*—which was recently launched by the Prince of Wales—has been issued, and copies may be obtained on application to the Canadian Pacific, 62–65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1. The *Empress of Britain* (42,500 tons) will be the largest ship to ply between any two ports of the British Empire.

* * *

The Late Mr. George Tully.

On p. 63 of this issue we give a caricature of the late Mr. George Tully as he appeared in *The Way to Treat a Woman*. This unfortunately went to press before we heard the sad news of his untimely death. Mr. George Tully will be a great loss to the London stage.



MISS JOSÉ COLLINS Dorothy Wilding

Refreshed by eighteen months' rest and in better voice than ever, returns to the London variety stage at the London Coliseum next Monday, July 14

ITALY for Enchanting Holidays

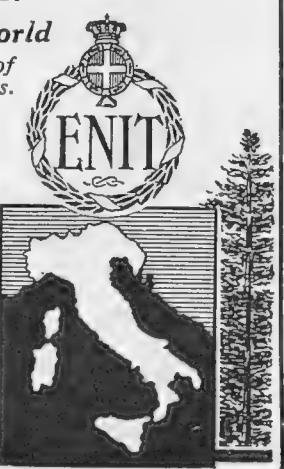
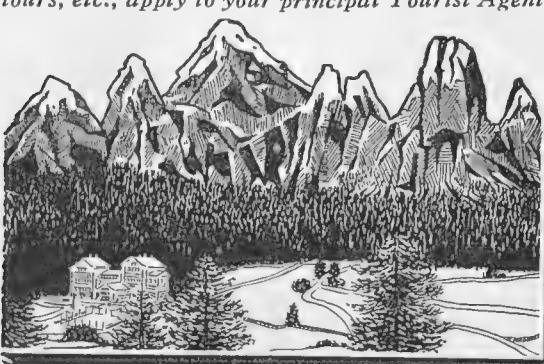
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Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

**Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid
and Gassy Waste Matter**

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time.

It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.



This beautiful new motor mascot was originally called "Femme Nue," but on completing the model, M. René Lalique adopted the more distinctive title "Vitesse."

Direct from Paris THE NEWEST EXAMPLES of LALIQUE GLASS

The Air Mail from Paris has brought a wonderful array of glass for Breves' Lalique Galleries—the latest and loveliest designs from the studio of René Lalique. Exquisite new illuminated motor mascots are among these recent arrivals, together with many other original creations in glass. A very pleasant hour may be spent at Breves' Lalique Galleries, where the most comprehensive collection of Lalique Glass is permanently exhibited. Here you can acquire, at a truly modest expenditure, examples of modern art which should command an enhanced value in years to come.

Two interesting books, "The Art of René Lalique" and "Lalique Lights," with over a hundred illustrations, will be sent post free for 1s. 6d.

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Petrol Vapour—continued

And Why Not?

Meanwhile cars and buses and lorries and cabs and vans and motor-bikes came crashing past us. Every one had its destination board, with every conceivable destination upon it, and the vast majority had the Red Star as well. Our cabby put *his* up with a little lever. The traffic that morning seemed to have nothing like its usual density. Everything was moving with extraordinary freedom and speed; there were no hold-ups on a route that is generally congested; and I do not think I saw a single traffic-policeman in action. All these things were so devastatingly unfamiliar to me that I was convinced that I was unwell and the victim of delusions. At the Somnambulists' Club I got out, solemnly gave my silent companion eighteen-pence, tipped the cabby a shilling, and dashed up the steps with but one thought in my mind, namely, to lean against the stiffest brandy-and-soda and endeavour to get it quite clear in my own mind what sort of thing had hit me. The stuffy and familiar atmosphere, the leather chairs and settees, the table of papers . . . and all the rest of it had a soothing influence. And there in the near corner was Old Faulkner, the club stalwart, to "complete the innuendo of the scene." "Hullo," he cried, "So you're back again. You've been a long time away! How d'you like reorganized London? There's one thing about it you'll perceive, and that is we can converse without shouting in this old smoking-room." I rang for the waiter, crossed to a chair by his side, and begged him to give me some explanations of the strange occurrences and transactions through which I had passed. "Well," he said, cocking his eye at me over the rim of his glass, "it's a long story." "In that case," I interrupted him, "I will repeat it in the next issue of THE TATLER." And so with this threat I must leave it!



A SUNBEAM IN GERMANY

This photograph was sent by Herr Karl Nister of Nuremberg, the owner of the 16-h.p. 6-cylinder Weymann saloon shown in the picture. In the background is the Castle of Virnsberg, between Nuremberg and Rothenburg, Bavaria

hope that their efforts may contribute to the safe enjoyment of their customers' cruises. There is also a complete list of their engine works, ship and boat yards, branches, technical representatives, etc. In the selection of service agents they have endeavoured to secure the co-operation of such firms which are best fitted to provide their customers with the most complete and attentive service possible.

Motor Notes and News

Although it must be obvious to the public that most of our popular cars can only be produced at very low prices because of standardization, yet one constantly hears stories of how individual owners demand certain colour schemes, and will be content with no other. One day recently a lady entered the showrooms of a Triumph dealer, produced a vanity case in one shade of green, and a cigarette lighter in another, and said she would place an order for a saloon if it could be finished in those colours, the main area of the body in the deeper shade, the waist-line, wheels, etc., in the lighter. Although the Triumph people are now the fourth largest producers of motor-cars in Great Britain (excluding concerns of American origin), they were able to comply with this extraordinary request. Who now can say that the British manufacturer does not adapt himself to the requirements of his markets. It is a far cry from the day when one large-scale maker, in conference with his dealers when they were demanding a greater variety of body colours said, "What's the matter? The public can have my cars in any colour they like provided it's a shade of black!" *



Don't say
"XL..."

...say "CASTROL XL"

When you ask for XL, you imagine you are getting CASTROL XL. This is not always the case. Possibly you are served with an inferior oil—an oil that will do your engine incalculable harm, and, what is more, you are very often

charged the Castrol price for it.

To be sure of getting CASTROL, say CASTROL first, and then the grade letters. It is worth your while to take this little extra trouble.

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., ALL-BRITISH Firm, Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2



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THE DAIMLER CO. LTD.
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CAR CAMEOS

The 9-h.p. Standard Swallow

It is said that two of the surest and worst signs that the male of the species is not getting younger are to be found in a slipping of the chest and a growing taste for the society of the young of the opposite sex. In myself there is manifested yet another indication, which, so to express it, is a rapidly growing approval of the lately arrived flapper-car, by which I mean the little one. Many examples of this I have been trying, with the result that whatever prejudice I had against the class it has been overcome.

Confirmation of my complete conversion was afforded by a lengthy test of the 9-h.p. Standard with Swallow saloon body-work recently placed at my disposal by Henlys, Ltd., who are, I believe, the sole concessionaires for this interesting and useful model.

The marvel about the little thing is that although it has a very definitely sporting character and a very lively performance, it really does hold its full complement of three normally-dimensioned persons and myself. I will not say that we have lashings of room to spare, but it is enough. When you bear in mind that I am 6 ft. 3 in. and a bit, and considerably broad, and when you also remember that behind the back seats and within the body there is a capacious compartment for suit-cases, you will have to admit that only an exceptionally brilliant piece of design could have contrived to get all this into a wheelbase of 8 ft. 3 in. without any noticeable overhang. There is a single door each side and both ingress and egress are reasonably easy. They would be easier still if the roof were just an inch or so higher, but I understand that this modification is being incorporated in all future models. At the rear, wells are formed in the floor-boards on either side of the propeller-shaft to provide foot-room, which they do so effectually that even I can sit at the back in comfort.

The outward appearance of the car is wholly excellent, indeed I would say of its size the best I have ever seen. In this respect it is just

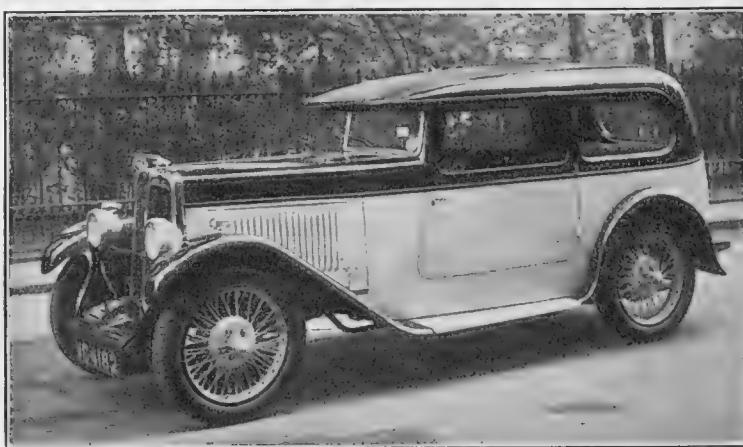
a miniature edition, faithful down to the last detail, of an elaborate luxury car with boldly moulded panels, sloping vee windscreens, rakish radiator, and general streamline effect.

On the road this car is just as pleasing to the touch as it is to the eye. Naturally, when you are asking a 9-h.p. engine, with no claims to very high efficiency, to hustle a fully-loaded saloon along at a good 55 m.p.h., you do not expect it to be dead quiet. But this particular one could be quite a deal noisier before you could legitimately find fault with it. Furthermore it is innocent of any thrash or period, starts up readily, ticks over surely, and generally behaves its plucky little self in an exemplary manner. Its dimensions are 63·5 mm. by 102 mm., giving it a total capacity of 1,292 c.c.

The springing is all that it should be, indeed it is surprisingly good irrespective of the number of passengers in the car, nor can I find anything to criticize in the steering and braking. The gear-change however I found a trifle awkward, and there was always some little difficulty in finding the neutral notch of the concealed gate. But this is not uncommon when the gear-lever is long and pronouncedly cranked in order to bring the knob into the required position.

Another small fault that this Standard shares with many other small cars is that the accelerator and the brake-pedals are put too close together, so that, even wearing a normal pair of shoes (not of the flat-bottomed golf type), one can sometimes tread on both pedals at once.

One thing that impressed me very favourably on this jolly little jigger was the admirable driving position. This really could not be improved upon. First of all the rake of the adjustable front seat is correct (which is rather exceptional); then the seat cushion is low, but being pneumatic, deep enough to absorb shocks effectually; the steering-wheel comes into quite the ideal position to give one maximum ease and certainty of control; and finally one's eyes are close up to the windscreens so that one has an unimpaired vision.

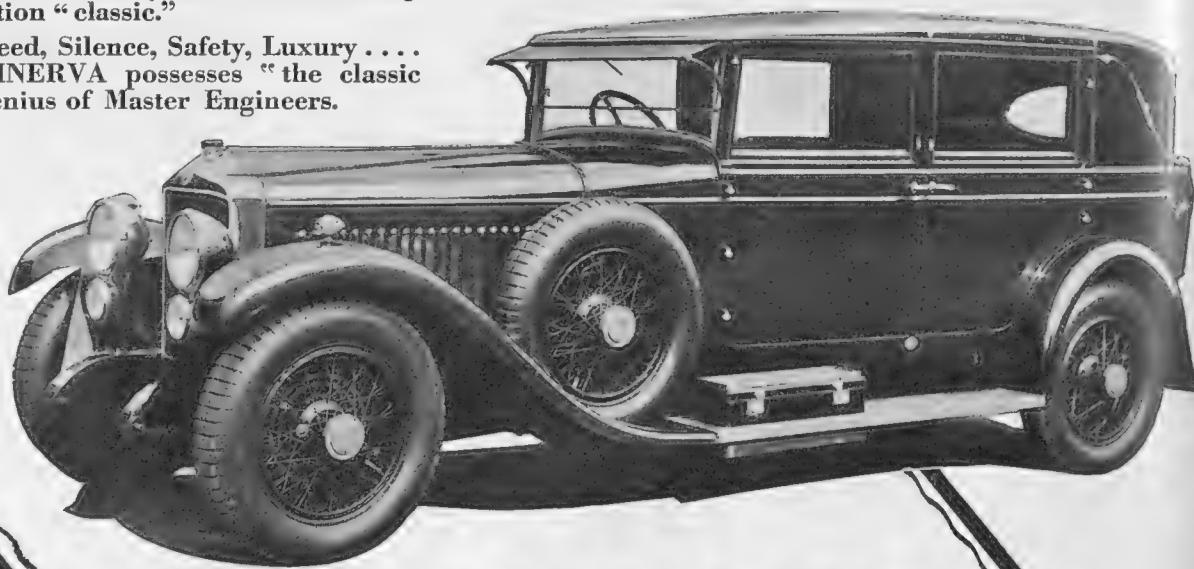


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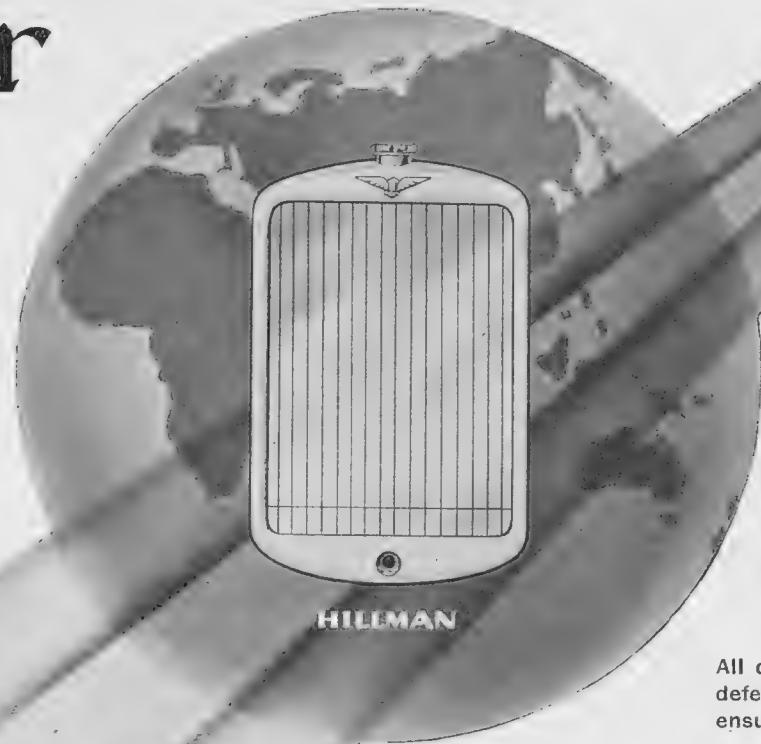
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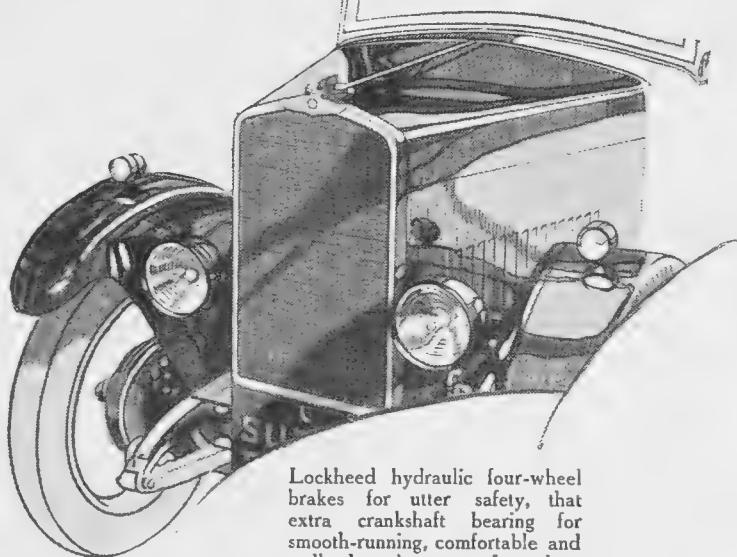
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She put down her comb at last and turned round on her chair so that she was facing him.
"Well, Nicholas," she said, "what about Pauline Grey?"

Nicholas fidgeted with his hands.

"It's very serious this time," he said sadly.

"And is she taking it seriously, too?" Vanna forced her voice to sound natural.

"That," Nicholas pointed out, "is what I want to know. You see, Vanna, she's a good woman. A very good woman. Almost a saint, in fact."

Vanna picked up a scent spray, and sprayed her hair.

"In that case, darling, I'm afraid it may be a bit difficult for you."

Nicholas nodded. "She's been very kind to me, and so interested in my career," he said, thoughtfully. "We've had tea together four times, and I've only known her ten days."

Vanna got up. "Well then, Nicholas, why worry?" She went over to the wardrobe and took out her cloak.

Nicholas was still sitting disconsolately on the settee fidgeting with his hands.

"You can't go yet, Vanna," he said peevishly.

"I've a lot more to say to you."

Vanna sat down again.

"Be as quick as you can, darling; I'm late already."

Nicholas shifted his position.

"Pauline Grey is the kind of person who expects marriage—or nothing," he said sullenly, and Vanna drew in her breath with a low hissing sound.

"Oh!" she murmured. "Oh, Nicholas!" He came over to her, and touched her arm. He was looking very solemn.

"You could marry Arthur Jefferson," he went on a little nervously, noticing the pallor of her cheeks, and the whipped dog look in her eyes.

The glare of the limelight becomes too strong for this musical comedy star in "IDOL," by Barbara Hedworth.



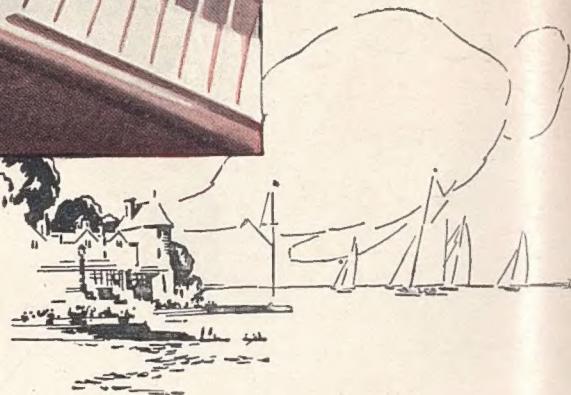
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